Heavy Metal presents

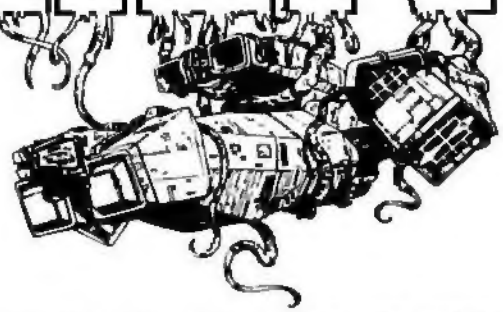
ALIEN

THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

by Archie Goodwin and Walter Simonson

Based on Twentieth Century-Fox's science fiction hit, *Alien*

ALIEN



THE ILLUSTRATED STORY

Screenplay by Dan O'Bannon. Story by Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusett.

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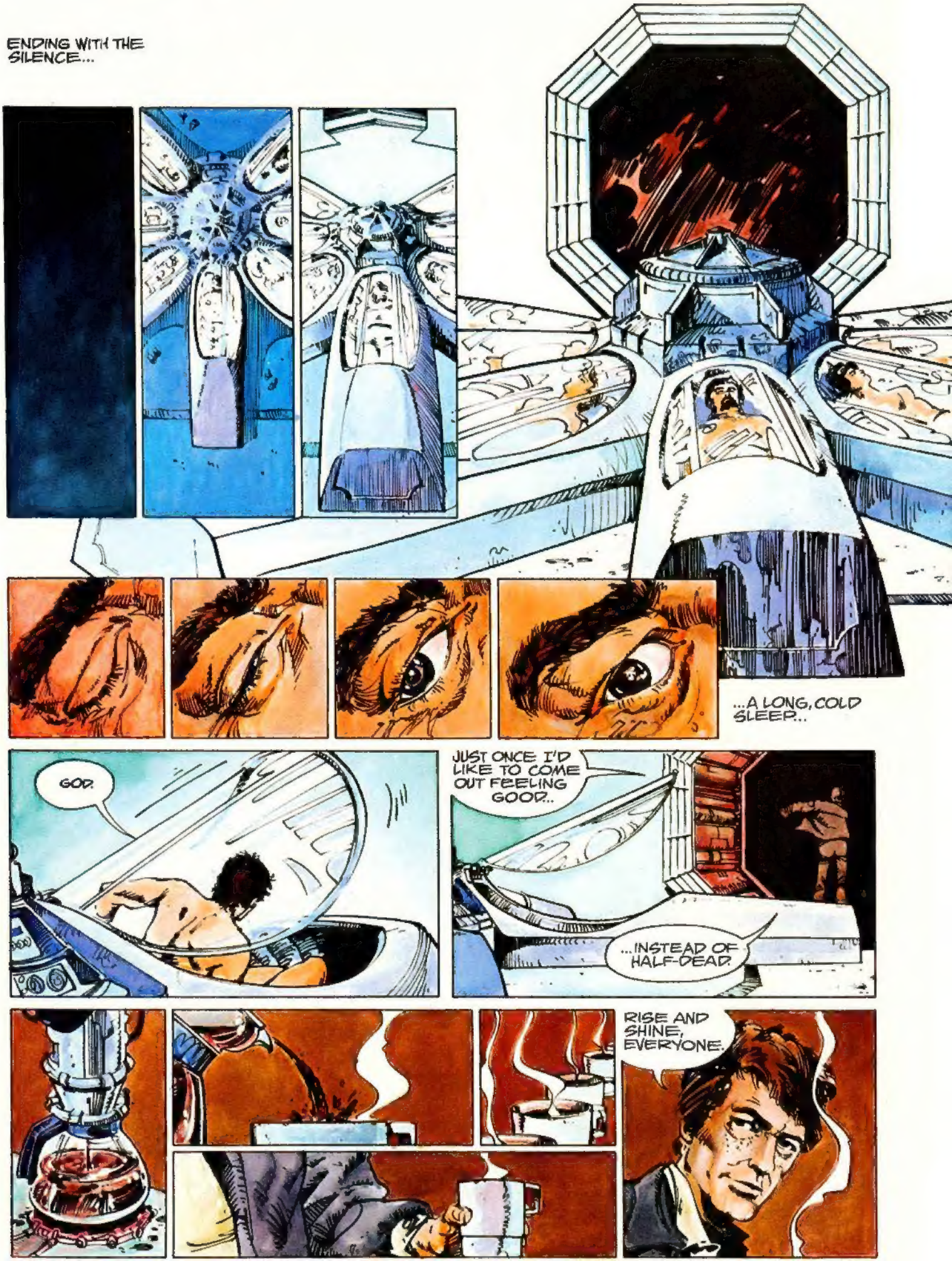
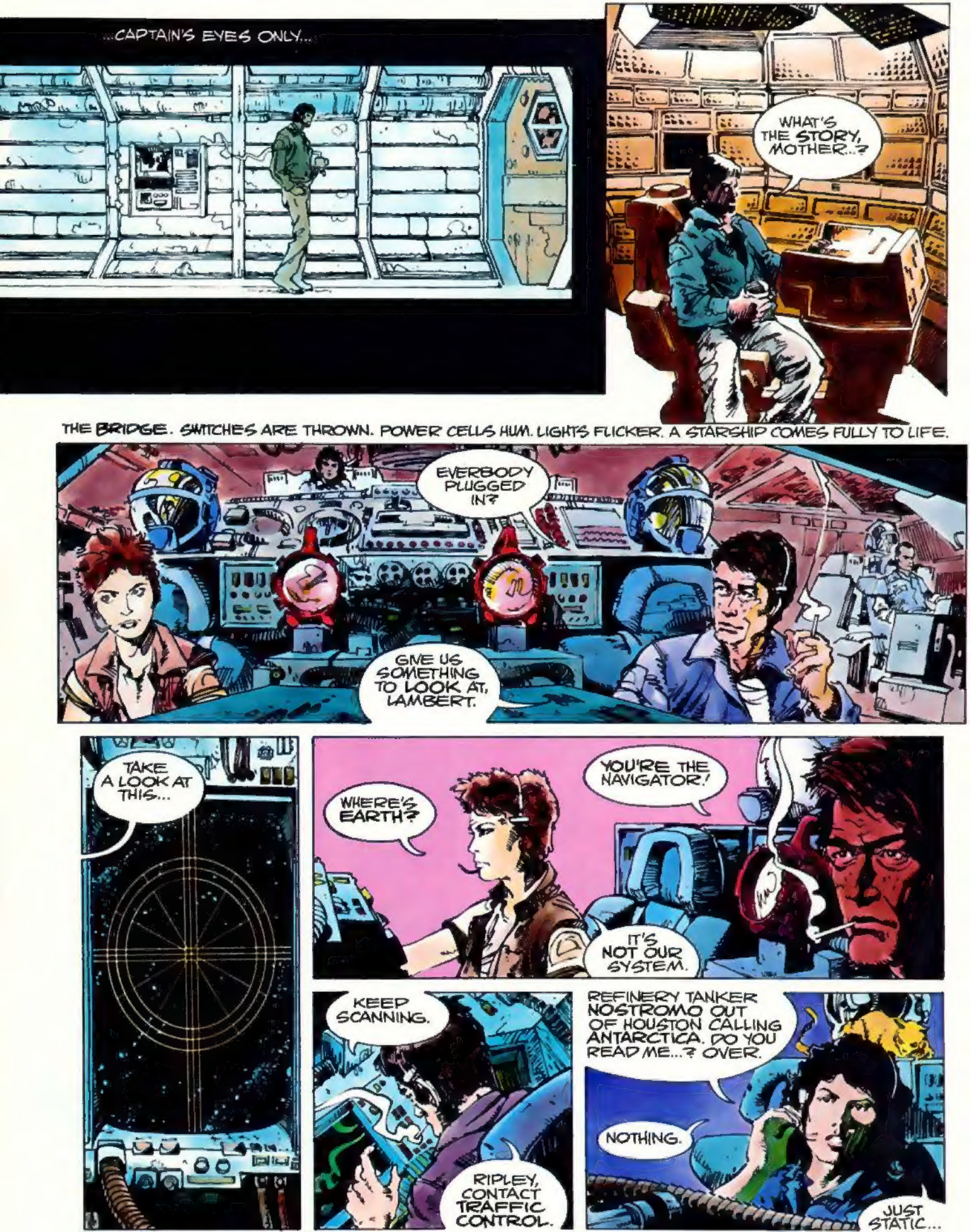
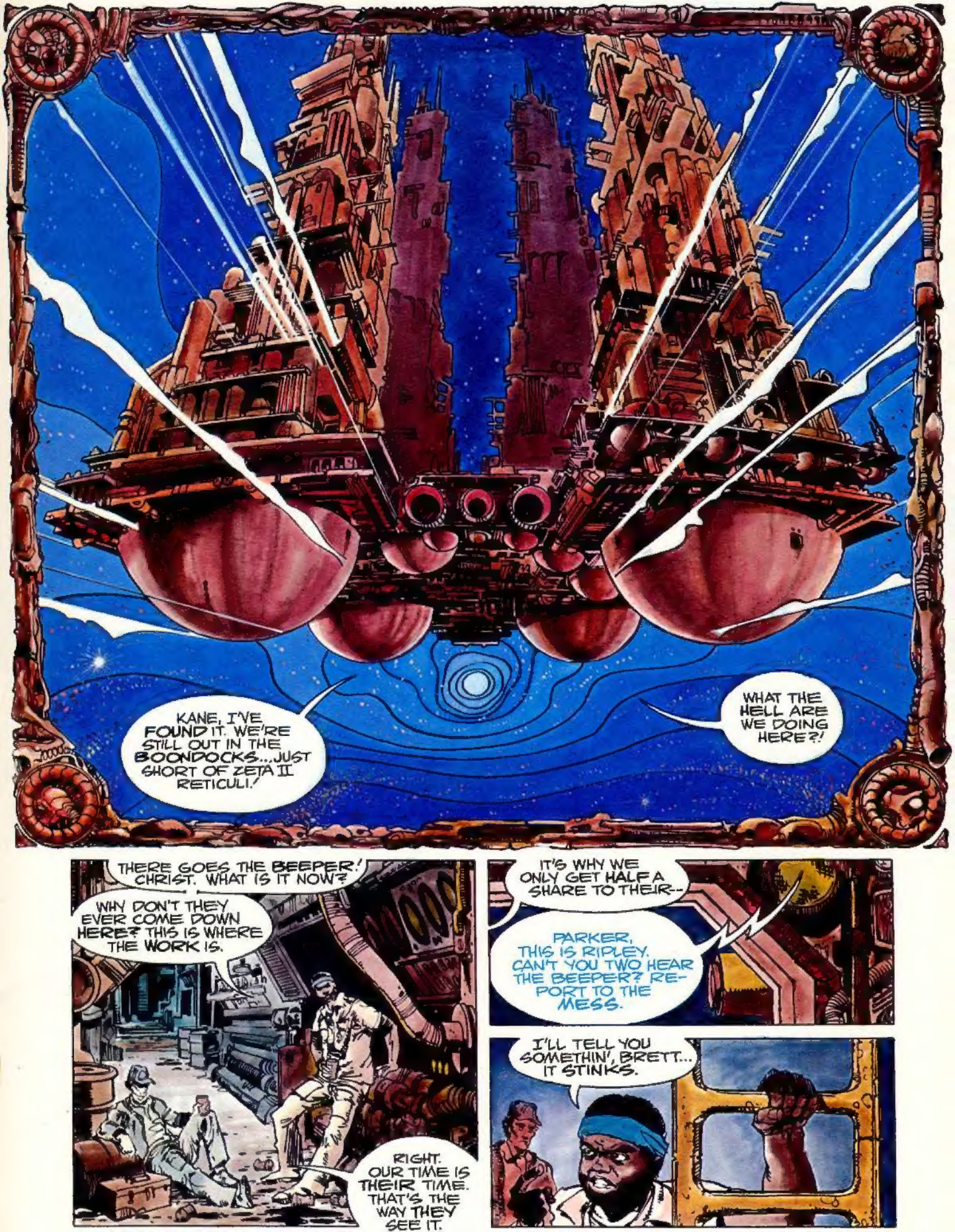

ENDING WITH THE SILENCE...
...A LONG, COLD SLEEP...
GOD.
JUST ONCE I'D LIKE TO COME OUT FEELING GOOD..
...INSTEAD OF HALF-DEAD.
RISE AND SHINE, EVERYONE.

STIFFLY, SULLENLY, THEY ENTER, IGNORING THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE, FOR THE COFFEE HE'S BREWED
ITS CAPTAIN... DALLAS.
SCIENCE OFFICER... ASH.
WARRANT OFFICER... RIPLEY.
SHIP'S NAVIGATOR...
...LAMBERT.
ENGINEER... PARKER.
AND HIS TECHNICIAN... BRETT.
SEVEN BEINGS, TWO FEMALE. FIVE MALE. GRADUALLY BEGINNING TO FEEL HUMAN AGAIN.
'FORE WE DOCK, MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO OVER THE BONUS SITUATION.
RIGHT.
BRETT AND I THINK WE DE-SERVE A FULL SHARE.
YOU TWO WILL GET WHAT YOU CONTRACTED FOR, PARKER. LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.
EXCEPT MAYBE FOR JONES, THE DAMN CAT...
...EVERYONE ELSE GETS MORE THAN US.
RIGHT.
EVERYONE ELSE DESERVES MORE THAN YOU.
DALLAS...
...GOT A YELLOW LIGHT. MOTHER WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.
I SAW IT, ASH.
THE REST OF YOU HIT YOUR STATIONS.
YELLOW LIGHT...


...CAPTAIN'S EYES ONLY...
WHAT'S THE STORY, MOTHER...?
THE BRIDGE. SWITCHES ARE THROWN. POWER CELLS HUM. LIGHTS FLICKER. A STARSHIP COMES FULLY TO LIFE.
EVERBODY PLUGGED IN?
GIVE US SOMETHING TO LOOK AT, LAMBERT.
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...
WHERE'S EARTH?
YOU'RE THE NAVIGATOR!
IT'S NOT OUR SYSTEM.
KEEP SCANNING.
RIPLEY, CONTACT TRAFFIC CONTROL.
REFINERY TANKER NOSTROMO OUT OF HOUSTON CALLING ANTARCTICA. DO YOU READ ME...? OVER.
NOTHING.
JUST STATIC...

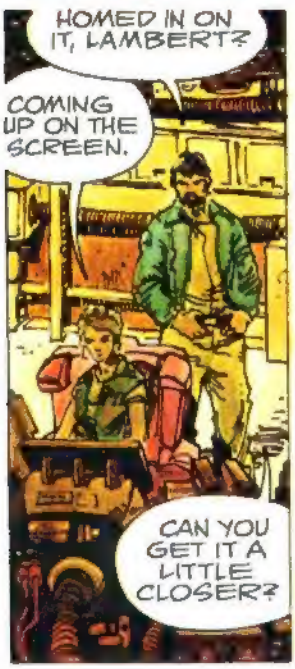

KANE, I'VE FOUND IT. WE'RE STILL OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS...JUST SHORT OF ZETA II RETICULI!
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING HERE?!
THERE GOES THE BEEPER! CHRIST. WHAT IS IT NOW?
WHY DON'T THEY EVER COME DOWN HERE? THIS IS WHERE THE WORK IS.
RIGHT. OUR TIME IS THEIR TIME. THAT'S THE WAY THEY SEE IT.
IT'S WHY WE ONLY GET HALF A SHARE TO THEIR--
PARKER, THIS IS RIPLEY. CAN'T YOU TWO HEAR THE BEEPER? REPORT TO THE MESS.
I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHIN', BRETT... IT STINKS.

AS MOST OF YOU HAVE ALREADY FIGURED OUT... WE'RE NOT HOME. MOTHER'S INTERRUPTED OUR VOYAGE BACK TO EARTH.
WHAT THE HELL...?
WHY, DALLAS?
SHE'S PROGRAMMED TO DO THAT IF CERTAIN CONDITIONS ARISE, KANE. THEY HAVE. SEEMS MOTHER INTERCEPTED A TRANSMISSION OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN.
TRANSMISSION? OUT HERE...?
AN ACOUSTIC BEACON. IT REPEATS AT 32 SECOND INTERVALS.
IS IT AN S.O.S.?
UNKNOWN.
HUMAN?
UNKNOWN.
SO WHAT...?
CHRIST, I HATE TO SAY THIS... BUT WE'RE NOT A RESCUE TEAM.
THAT KIND'A DUTY'S NOT IN OUR CONTRACT. BUT... IF IT'S FOR MONEY--
BETTER REREAD THE FINE PRINT.
ANY SYSTEMIZED TRANSMISSION INDICATING POSSIBLE INTELLIGENT ORIGIN MUST BE INVESTIGATED...
...UNDER PENALTY OF TOTAL FORFEITURE.
PARKER. BRETT.
WE'RE GOING IN. THAT'S IT.
UH... RIGHT.
WE'RE GOIN' IN...
...SIR.
WELL, ASH. CAN WE LAND ON IT?
SOMEONE DID.
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN.

OKAY. LET'S HEAR IT.
CLICK!

GOD! DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ANY RADIO SIGNAL I'VE EVER HEARD.
MAYBE IT'S... A VOICE.

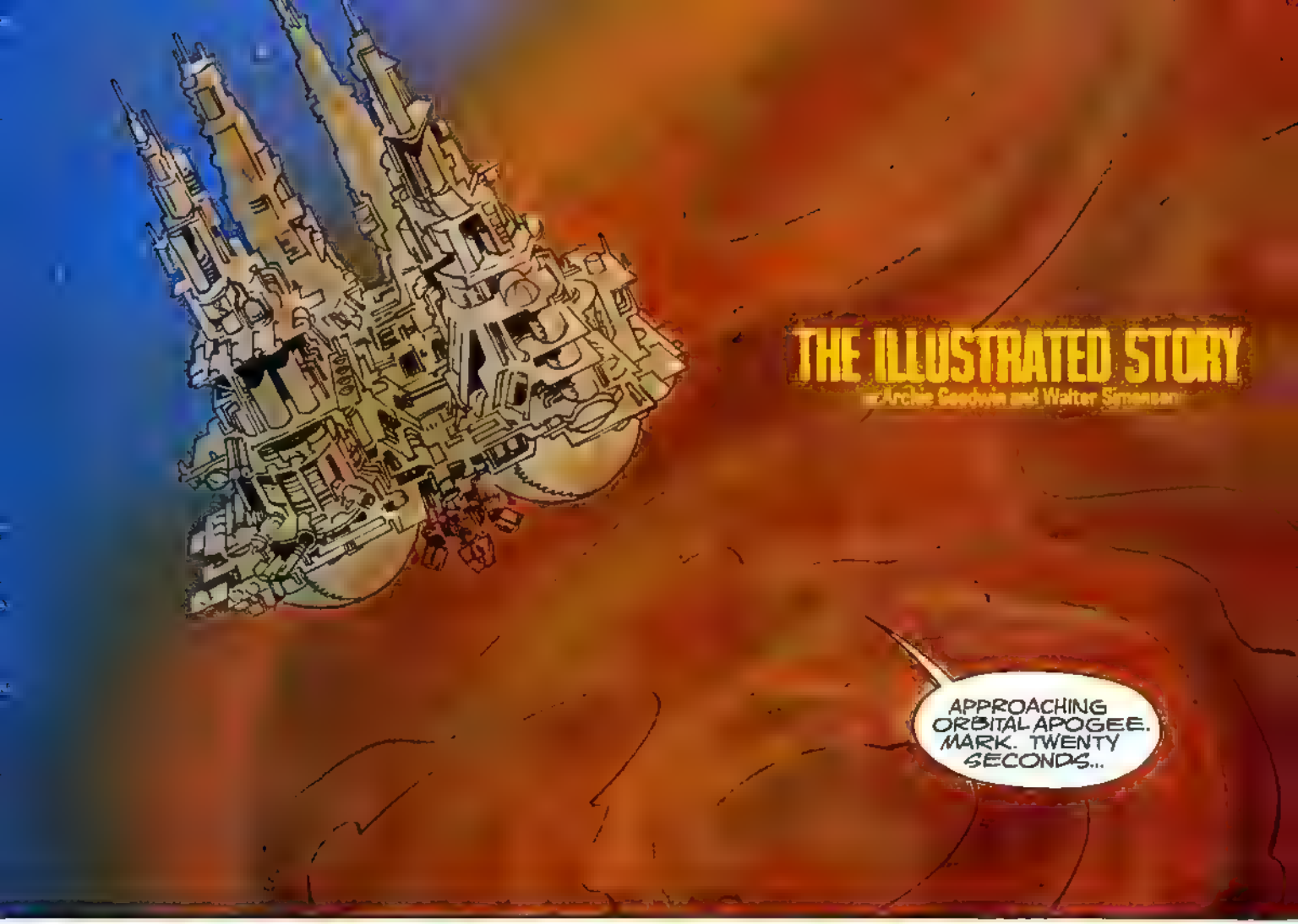
WE'LL KNOW SOON, RIPLEY.


HOMED IN ON IT, LAMBERT?
COMING UP ON THE SCREEN.
CAN YOU GET IT A LITTLE CLOSER?

NO. YOU HAVE TO LOOK AT IT FROM THIS DISTANCE.
SMART ASS.
THERE. PLANETOID DIAMETER 1200 METERS.

TINY. ANY ROTATION?
'BOUT TWO HOURS, DALLAS. AND THERE'S GRAVITY... POINT EIGHT SIX.

THAT SETTLES ONE THING.
WHEN WE GET THERE...
...YOU CAN WALK ON IT.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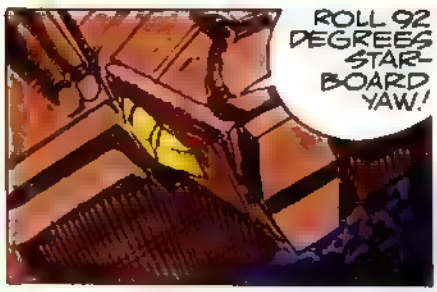
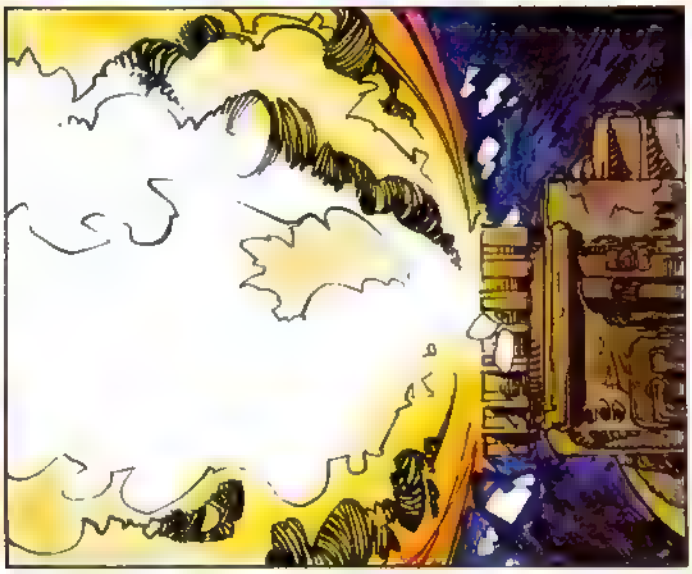
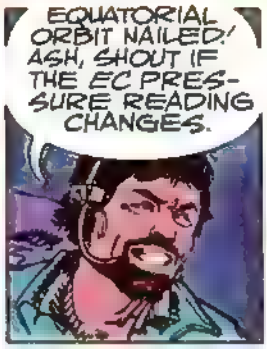
APPROACHING ORBITAL APOGEE. MARK. TWENTY SECONDS...

NINETEEN... EIGHTEEN...


ROLL 92 DEGREES STAR-BOARD YAW!




EQUATORIAL ORBIT NAILED! ASH, SHOUT IF THE EC PRESSURE READING CHANGES.

WORRIED ABOUT REDUNDANCY MANAGEMENT DISABLING CMGS CONTROL...? WE'LL AUGMENT WITH TACS AND MONITOR THROUGH COMPUTER INTERFACE.
FEEL BETTER?

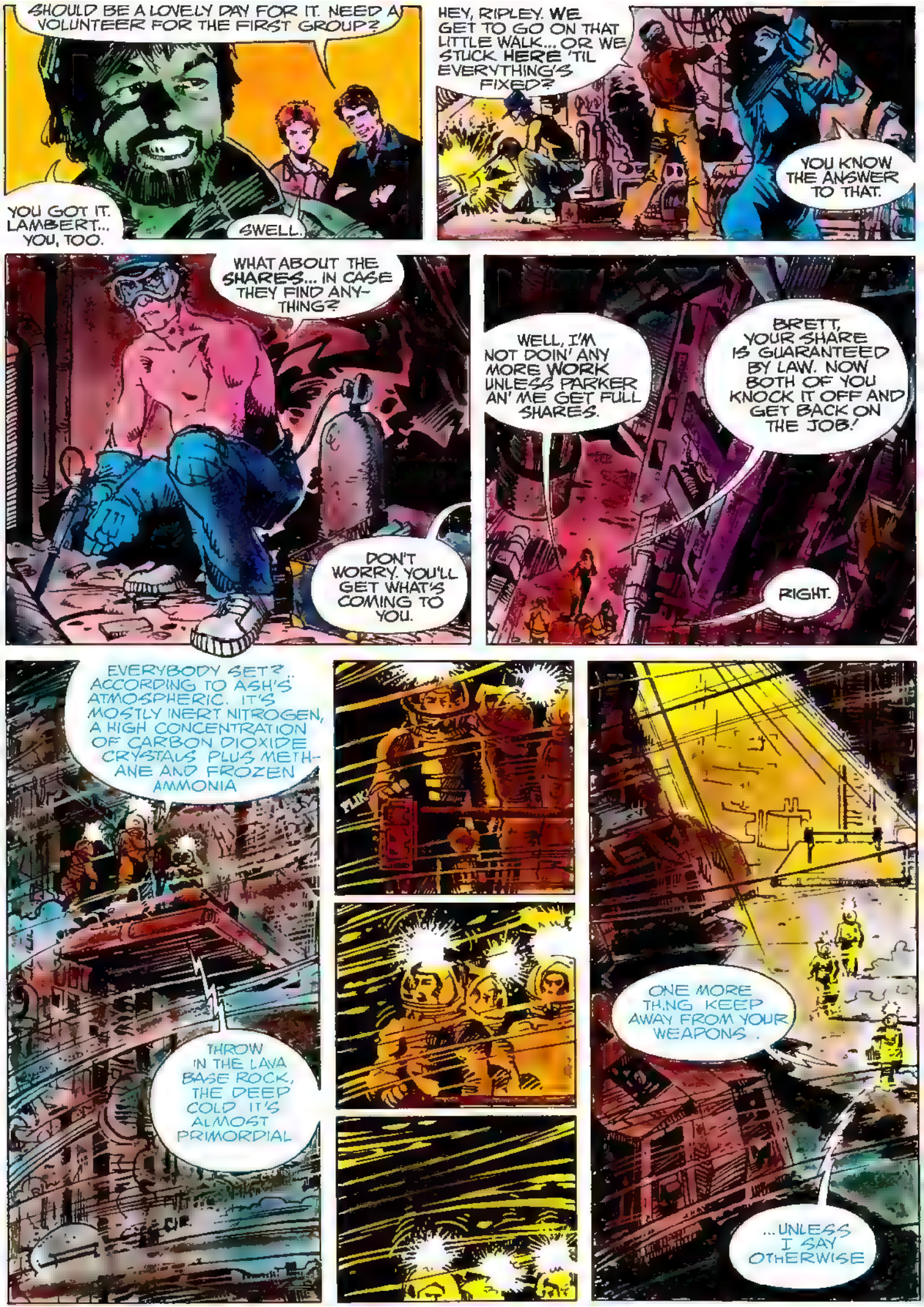
A LOT. PREPARE TO DISENGAGE...

L ALIGNMENT ON PORT AND STAR-BOARD IS GREEN.
GREEN ON SPINAL UMBILICUS SEVERANCE.
CROSSING THE TERMIN-ATOR. NIGHT SIDE COMING UP.
STAND BY. FIVE SEC-ONDS. FOUR. THREE. TWO.. ONE...
DISENGAGE
BAM
BAM
BAM
OKAY. THE MONEY'S SAFE. LET'S GO DOWN-STAIRS.
DROPPING. 50,000 METERS DOWN. DOWN. 40,000...
ENTERING ATMOSPHERE.

TURBULENCE, DALLAS... BAD.
AND NOT LIKELY TO GET BETTER. LET'S HAVE THE NAVIGATIONAL LIGHTS.
SHHRRREEEETT
WHAT IN HELL WAS THAT?
PRESSURE DROP IN INTAKE THREE, PARKER!
GOD-DAMN! WE'VE LOST A SHIELD!
SHUT 'ER DOWN, BRETT! WE GOT AN ENGINE FULL'A CRAP!
THINK I'M NOT TRYIN'?! JEEZUS. DOLLARS TO YOUR AUNT'S CHERRY--
--IF WE DON'T CRASH, WE GET AN ELECTRICAL FIRE!
APPROACHING POINT OF TRANSMISSION ORIGIN.
AND I MARK SOME FLAT TERRAIN FURTHER ON.
LET'S GO WITH IT. TAKE HER DOWN!
KILL DRIVE ENGINES!
ACTIVATE LIFTER QUADS!

WIND-DARK, SCREAMING-CLAWS AT THE DESCENDING MODULE.
THEN, SHAKING, SHUDDERING...
WE'RE DOWN. BUT--
CRASH
LOST IT... LOST IT!
LIGHTS... EVERY DAMN THING.
WE CAN'T WAIT!
RIPLEY! GET THE ENGINE ROOM--
--FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED.
GODDAM DUST IS WHAT! INTAKES CLOGGED.. OVERHEATED!
GOT AN ELECTRIC FIRE!
SECONDARY GENERATOR SHOULD KICK IN, KANE.
WHERE IS IT?
BIG! AN' WE BURNED OUT A WHOLE CELL...

CHRIST...!
IT'S REALLY BREAKING LOOSE DOWN HERE!
SOMEBODY GIVE ME A SIMPLE ANSWER.
HAS THE HULL BEEN BREACHED?
I DON'T SEE ANY-THING. WE'VE STILL GOT PRESSURE.
BUT ALL SCREENS ARE OUT, DALLAS.
ENGINE ROOM REPORTING. FIRE'S UNDER CONTROL.
RIPLEY, PARKER HOW LONG BEFORE WE'RE FUNCTIONAL?
MOST OF THIS CAN'T BE FIXED RIGHT OUT-SIDE OF DRYDOCK.
SECONDARY LOAD SHARING UNIT IS GONE...
...ALONG WITH THREE CELLS ON 12 MODULE. AND FOUR PANEL IS TOTALLY SHOT.
RIPLEY ESTIMATES FIFTEEN TO TWENTY HOURS. MEANTIME THE AUXILIARIES SHOULD CARRY US.
HOW ABOUT WHAT BROUGHT US HERE, ASH?
NO TRUE RESPONSE. JUST THAT SAME SIGNAL EVERY 32 SECONDS.
KICK IN THE FLOODS, LAMBERT!
GOD, DALLAS WE CAN'T GO ANYWHERE IN THIS. RIGHT, ASH?
MOTHER SAYS SUNRISE IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES. SHE FIXES SOURCE OF TRANSMISSION AT 3000 METERS NORTHEAST.
CLOSE ENOUGH TO WALK.


SHOULD BE A LOVELY DAY FOR IT. NEED A VOLUNTEER FOR THE FIRST GROUP?
YOU GOT IT, LAMBERT... YOU, TOO.
SWELL.
HEY, RIPLEY. WE GET TO GO ON THAT LITTLE WALK... OR WE STUCK HERE 'TIL EVERYTHING'S FIXED?
YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT.
WHAT ABOUT THE SHARES... IN CASE THEY FIND ANY-THING?
DON'T WORRY. YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU.
WELL, I'M NOT DOIN' ANY MORE WORK UNLESS PARKER AN' ME GET FULL SHARES.
BRETT, YOUR SHARE IS GUARANTEED BY LAW. NOW BOTH OF YOU KNOCK IT OFF AND GET BACK ON THE JOB!
RIGHT.
EVERYBODY SET? ACCORDING TO ASH'S ATMOSPHERIC, IT'S MOSTLY INERT NITROGEN, A HIGH CONCENTRATION OF CARBON DIOXIDE CRYSTALS PLUS METH-ANE AND FROZEN AMMONIA
THROW IN THE LAVA BASE ROCK, THE DEEP COLD IT'S ALMOST PRIMORDIAL
FLIK
ONE MORE THING. KEEP AWAY FROM YOUR WEAPONS.
...UNLESS I SAY OTHERWISE

OKAY LAMBERT, YOU FIRST
DALLAS, I CAN'T SEE A GODDAM THING BEYOND THE FLOODS
TURN ON THE FINDER, LAMBERT
IT'S TUNED TO THE TRANSMISSION LET IT LEAD YOU
GOT GOOD CONTACT ON MY BOARD, DALLAS
SHOULD BE WITH YOU ALL THE WAY
RIGHT SEE YOU, ASH
GOD! IT'S LIKE THE BOTTOM OF AN OCEAN I CAN'T SEE THREE METERS IN ANY DIRECTION
QUIT GR.P.NG, LAMBERT
I LIKE GRIPING KANE
COME ON, YOU TWO
WHAT A WONDERFUL LITTLE PLACE TOTALLY UNSPOILED
DUST AND WIND ONLY GET WORSE AS WE GO DAMN BEAM IS FADING OUT.
STILL WITH US, ASH ? HOW LONG 'TIL SUN UP?
YOU'LL HAVE DAY-LIGHT IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, DALLAS.
GREAT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE SOME-THING THEN
OR THE OTHER WAY AROUND

THERE. FOUR PANEL IS BACK IN SHAPE. YOU OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE REST.
DON'T WORRY.
IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE... I'LL BE ON THE BRIDGE.
RIGHT.
BITCH.
ASH, I'M BACK. HOW'S IT GOING?
ALL RIGHT
HAVE YOU TRIED PUTTING THE TRANS-MISSION THROUGH ECIU?
MOTHER HASN'T IDENTIFIED IT YET, RIPLEY.
I'LL GIVE IT A SHOT.
BE MY GUEST
HERE'S OUR SUNLIGHT
DUST IS SETTLING TOO, DALLAS. SIGNAL'S COMING BACK UP. STRONG
LOOK SHARP A LITTLE MORE CLEARING AND WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO--
JESUS CHRIST.

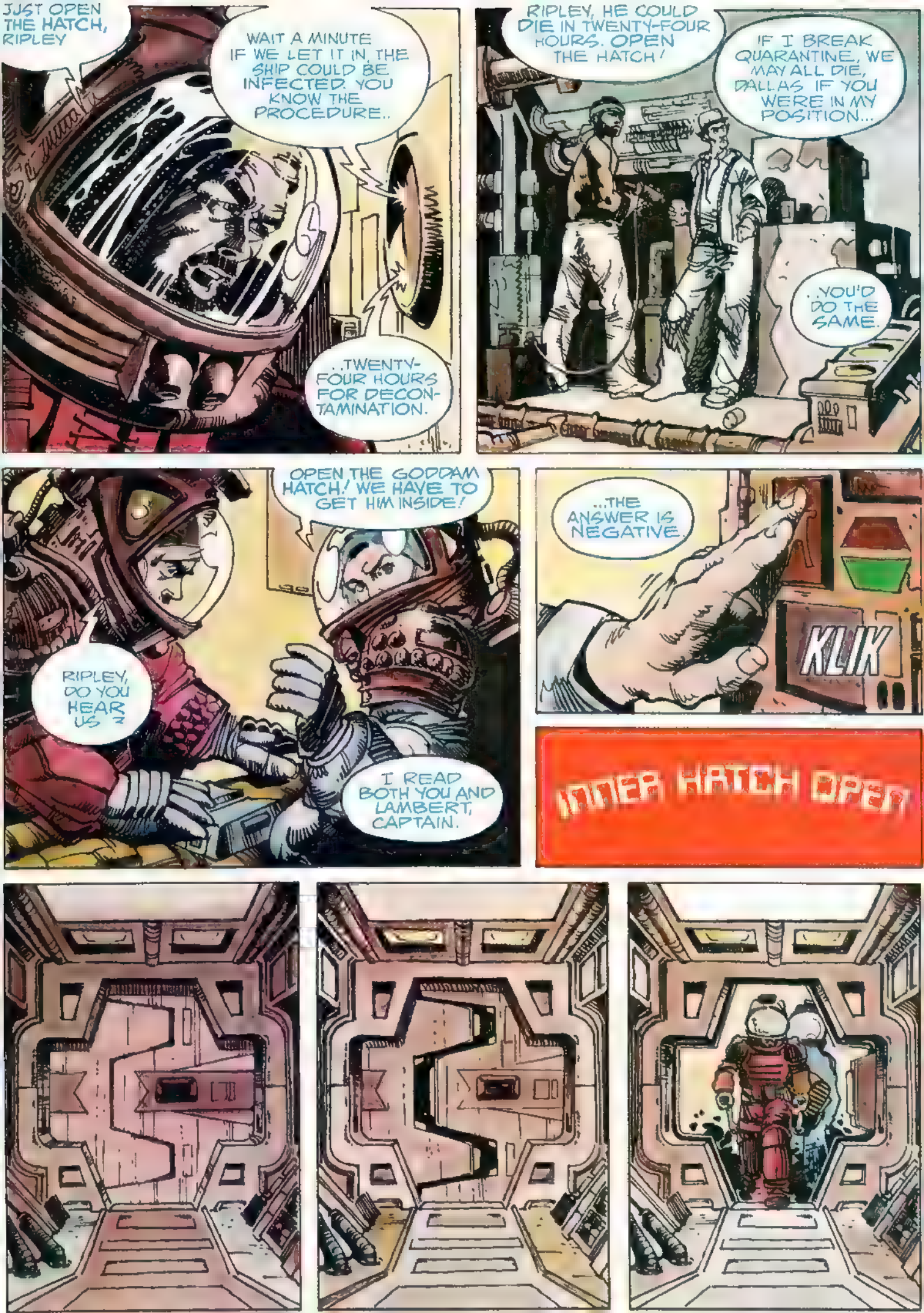
, BUT WHATEVER THE TRANSMISSION IS, IT'S INSIDE THERE
LOOKS PRETTY DEAD WE'RE MAKING AN APPROACH
NO LIGHTS, MOVEMENT'S ANY SIGN OF LIFE
DALLAS ..?
DALLAS, YOU'RE FADING OUT ON ME, DALLAS?
DALLAS!
SEEMS TO BE AN ENTRANCE
YEAH
LET'S MOVE ON IN, KANE
OPENS UP MORE AHEAD SOME K.NO OF CHAMBER

OH MY GOD
W-WHAT IS IT ?
ALIEN LIFE-FORM
LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME. FOSSILIZED.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, DALLAS
NOT YET, LAMBERT
I WANT TO SEE IF--
THAT STOPPED THE TRANSMISSION
LOOK AT THIS, DALLAS JUST GOES DOWN...
CAN'T SEE BOTTOM LIGHT WON'T REACH
THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE, KANE

KANE.. YOU OKAY IN THERE?
IT'S WORK I'M BELOW GROUND LEVEL... HAVEN'T HIT BOTTOM.
REMEMBER. OUT IN UNDER TEN MINUTES AND DON'T UNHOOK FROM THE CABLE.
AYE, AYE, SKIPPER
ASH?... RIPLEY. MOTHER'S DECIPHERED PART OF THAT TRANSMISSION.
I'M AFRAID IT MAY NOT BE AN S.O.S.
THEN WHAT IS IT...?
SHE THINKS IT MAY BE A WARNING.
WE'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH TO THEM. RIGHT AWAY.
NO USE. NOT WHILE THEY'RE INSIDE THAT SHIP
THEN I'M GOING OUT AFTER THEM
I DON'T THINK SO.
WE'RE AT MINIMUM TAKEOFF CAPABILITY NOW. THAT'S WHY DALLAS LEFT US ON BOARD.
ASH, I STILL THINK WE SHOULD GO.
WHAT'S THE POINT, RIPLEY? IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO GET THERE...THEY'LL KNOW IF IT'S A WARNING.

YOU STILL ALL RIGHT, KANE? SEE ANYTHING?
I'M IN SOME KIND OF CAVE OR SOMETHING, DALLAS HOT..NO OXYGEN HIGH NITROGEN CONTENT AND--
THIS IS WEIRD!
PLACE IS FULL OF SOME SORT OF LEATHERY THINGS
IT'S LIKE A STORAGE AREA FOR THEM
CAN YOU SEE INSIDE ANY OF THE THINGS?
SEEMS TO BE SEALED.
STRANGE FEELING TO IT... WONDER IF ALL THE OTHERS..
KANE! WHAT IS IT? KANE..! ANSWER

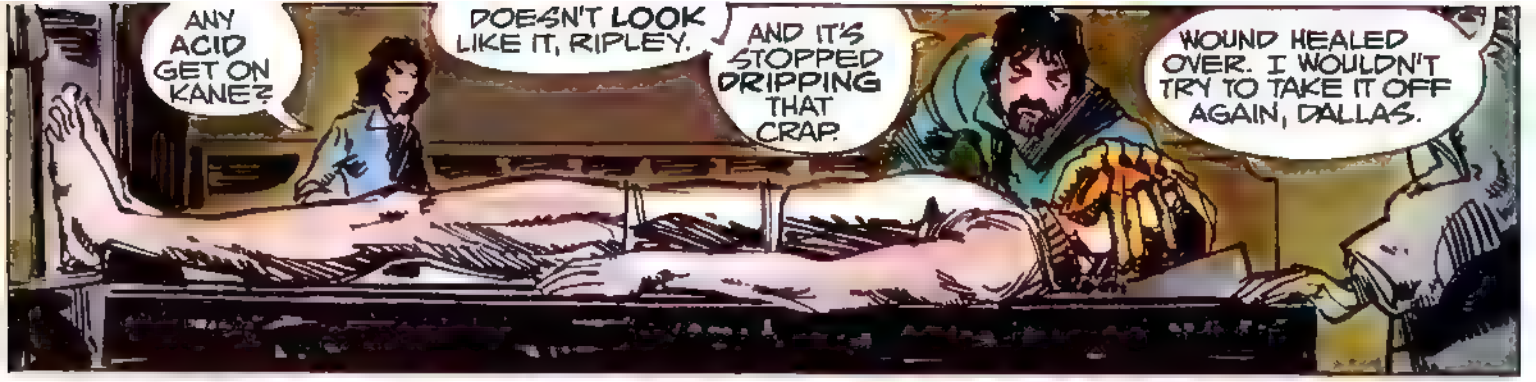
SUNSET...
WE'VE GOT THEM, RIPLEY..
...THEY'RE BACK ON THE SCREENS.
DALLAS? DALLAS, CAN YOU READ ME?
WE HEAR YOU, RIPLEY WE'RE COMING BACK KANE'S INJURED WE'LL NEED SOME HELP GETTING HIM IN
ASH, RIPLEY. I'M ON MY WAY TO THE INNER-LOCK HATCH.
UH... DALLAS? WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED TO KANE?
SOME...SOME KIND OF ORGANISM. IT'S ATTACHED ITSELF TO HIM
WE'RE COMING UP NOW. GOTTA GET HIM TO THE INFIRMARY.
I NEED A CLEAR DEFINITION, DALLAS

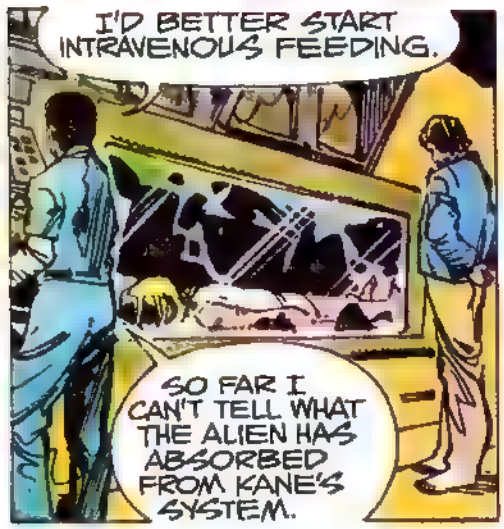

JUST OPEN THE HATCH, RIPLEY
WAIT A MINUTE IF WE LET IT IN, THE SHIP COULD BE INFECTED. YOU KNOW THE PROCEDURE..
..TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FOR DECON-TAMINATION.
RIPLEY, HE COULD DIE IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. OPEN THE HATCH!
IF I BREAK QUARANTINE, WE MAY ALL DIE, DALLAS IF YOU WERE IN MY POSITION...
..YOU'D DO THE SAME.
OPEN THE GODDAM HATCH! WE HAVE TO GET HIM INSIDE!
RIPLEY, DO YOU HEAR US?
I READ BOTH YOU AND LAMBERT, CAPTAIN.
..THE ANSWER IS NEGATIVE.
KLIK
INNER HATCH OPEN

THE INFIRMARY. A LIFE FORM SLOWLY PULSES. PULSES ON THE FACE OF THE NOSTROMO'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER, KANE.
IT SEEMS TO HAVE... BURNED RIGHT THROUGH THE VIEWPLATE OF HIS HELMET, ASH.
CAN YOU GET IT OFF?
IT DIDN'T REACT WHEN WE CUT HIM OUT OF HIS SUIT..
...I CAN TRY, DALLAS
YOU'RE TEARING HIS SKIN! THAT THING'S NOT COMING OFF UNLESS YOU PULL HIS WHOLE FACE WITH IT.
BETTER PUT HIM IN THE SUPPORT CHAMBER. LET IT WORK ON HIM.

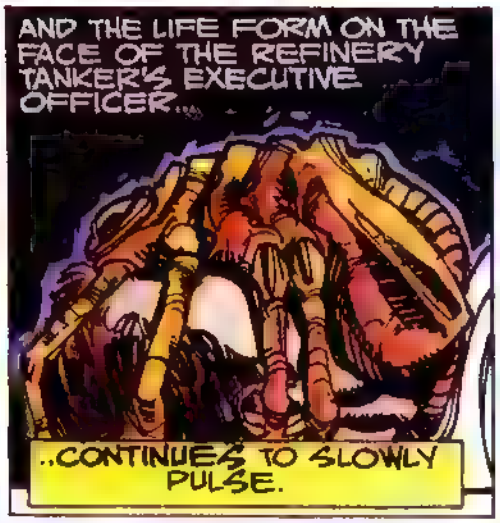
HOW'S IT GOING WITH KANE? HAVE THEY LEARNED ANYTHING ABOUT--
RIPLEY...!
YOU WERE GOING TO LEAVE US OUT THERE!
MAYBE SHE SHOULD HAVE, LAMBERT WHO THE HELL KNOWS WHAT THAT IS.
I WAS TRYING TO DO MY JOB. LET'S DROP IT AT THAT.
ASH, IT'S GOT SOME-THING DOWN HIS GODDAM THROAT.
THAT MUST BE HOW IT'S GETTING OXYGEN TO HIM.
DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. IT PARALYZES HIM, PUTS HIM INTO A COMA... THEN KEEPS HIM ALIVE. WE HAVE TO GET IT OFF SOMEHOW.
DALLAS, REMOVING THE CREATURE NOW MAY TERMINATE KANE.
WE HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE AND CUT IT OFF HIM.
YOU'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY?
THAT'S RIGHT.
VERY WELL...
...LET'S SEE WHAT EFFECT THE LASER SCALPEL HAS.

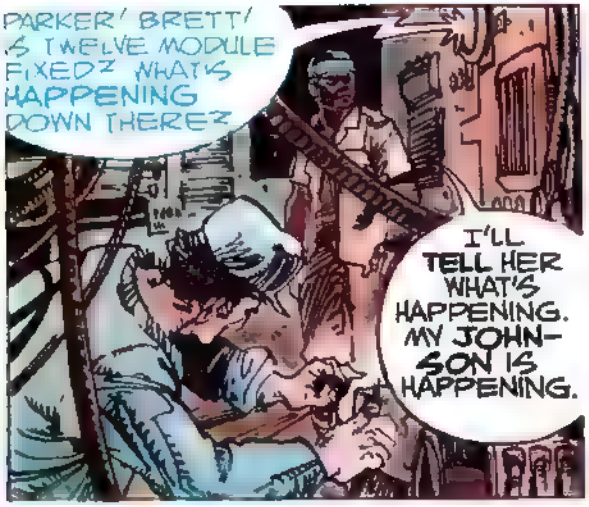
WATCH OUT. IT'S STARTING TO BLEED.
ASH! WHERE THAT STUFF IS GUSHING ONTO THE FLOOR...
SHIT! IT'S GONNA EAT THROUGH THE DECKS AND OUT THE HULL!
PARKER!
BRETT!
COME ON!
GOIN' STRONG... DOWN TO B DECK!
CHRIST! WHAT DO YOU PUT UNDER IT?!
HEY!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S FINALLY LOSING STEAM.
BRETT'S RIGHT. IT'S FINALLY STOPPED.
YEAH. AFTER IT PENETRATED TWO LEVELS.
NEVER SAW ANY-THING LIKE IT.
EXCEPT MOLECULAR ACID.
THIS THING USES IT FOR BLOOD.
BEAUTIFUL DEFENSE MECHANISM.
YOU DON'T DARE KILL IT.


ANY ACID GET ON KANE?
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT, RIPLEY.
AND IT'S STOPPED DRIPPING THAT CRAP.
WOUND HEALED OVER. I WOULDN'T TRY TO TAKE IT OFF AGAIN, DALLAS.


I'D BETTER START INTRAVENOUS FEEDING.
SO FAR I CAN'T TELL WHAT THE ALIEN HAS ABSORBED FROM KANE'S SYSTEM.

SO FAR THINGS AIN'T WORKING OUT REAL GOOD TODAY.

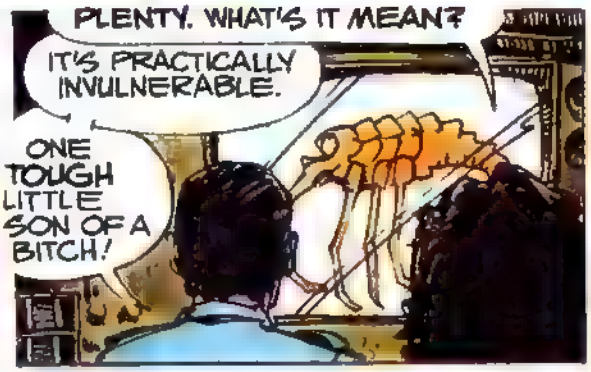

AND THE LIFE FORM ON THE FACE OF THE REFINERY TANKER'S EXECUTIVE OFFICER...
..CONTINUES TO SLOWLY PULSE.

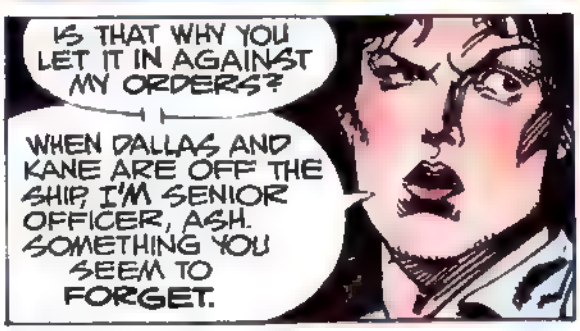

PARKER/ BRETT/ & TWELVE MODULE FIXED? WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?
I'LL TELL HER WHAT'S HAPPENING. MY JOHN-SON IS HAPPENING.

LOT OF HARD WORK, RIPLEY.
REAL WORK. YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT SOME TIME.

PARKER, I'VE GOT THE TOUGHEST JOB ON THIS SHIP..
I HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOUR BULLSHIT.

ANYTHING NEW ON THE CREATURE, ASH?
IT'S COMBINED OF PROTEIN POLYSAC-CHARIDES AND POLAR-IZED SILICON...
...GIVING IT PROLONGED RESISTANCE TO ADVERSE CONDITIONS. ENOUGH?


PLENTY. WHAT'S IT MEAN?
IT'S PRACTICALLY INVULNERABLE.
ONE TOUGH LITTLE SON OF A BITCH!


IS THAT WHY YOU LET IT IN AGAINST MY ORDERS?
WHEN DALLAS AND KANE ARE OFF THE SHIP, I'M SENIOR OFFICER, ASH. SOMETHING YOU SEEM TO FORGET.

LIKE YOU FORGOT THE SCIENCE DIVISION'S BASIC QUARANTINE LAW.
THE FIRST POSITION OF SCIENCE IS THE PROTECTION AND BETTERMENT OF HUMAN LIFE.
I TAKE MY RESPONSIBILITY SERIOUSLY, RIPLEY. JUST DO YOUR JOB. I'LL DO MINE!

OUTSIDE, THE WINDS SHRIEK. DUST POUNDS THE NOSTROMO'S HULL. AND TIME PASSES.
DALLAS, IT'S ASH. PERHAPS YOU AND RIPLEY SHOULD COME HAVE A LOOK AT KANE. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED.
SERIOUS?
INTERESTING.
I-IT'S GONE!
DOOR'S CLOSED, DALLAS. IT MUST STILL BE IN HERE.
THERE ARE PLENTY OF NOOKS AND CRANNIES WHERE IT CAN HIDE.
BETTER USE LIGHT PROBES.
BUT WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T DAMAGE IT.
YEAH. CAN'T GRAB IT... CAN'T KILL IT.
LET'S HOPE TO HELL THERE'S A WAY WE CAN CATCH IT.

AAGH
YOU OKAY?
YEAH.
IT'S DEAD. HARDENING. NO LIFE SIGNS WHATEVER.
LET'S GET RID OF IT.
THIS HAS TO GO BACK TO EARTH, RIPLEY. OUR FIRST CONTACT WITH A SPECIMEN LIKE THIS. ALL KINDS OF TESTS NEED TO BE RUN.
THE THING BLED ACID, ASH. GOD KNOWS WHAT IT'LL DO WHEN IT'S DEAD.
I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME IT'S NOT A ZOMBIE.
WE HAVE TO KEEP THIS SPECIMEN, DALLAS.
YOU'RE THE SCIENCE OFFICER.
IT'S YOUR DECISION.
HOW'S KANE?
FEVERISH. BUT HIS VITAL FUNCTIONS ARE STRONG.
WHO KNOWS? HE MIGHT MAKE IT.

WALK IN THE PARK. WHEN WE FIX SOMETHING, IT STAYS FIXED.
FIRE UP THE BIG ONES, RIPLEY. LET'S GO HOME.
THAT'S A ROGER. ALL QUADS ACTIVE. ALL GREEN. ALL SYSTEMS GO.
FEETS, GET ME OUT OF HERE.
WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN WITH KANE NOW, DALLAS? MAYBE BEST TO JUST FREEZE HIM. STOP THE DISEASE. LET THE DOCS ON EARTH LOOK AT HIM.
RIGHT
YOU KNOW, BRETT, WHENEVER PARKER SAYS ANYTHING, YOU SAY "RIGHT."
RIGHT.
KNOCK IT OFF. KANE WILL HAVE TO GO INTO QUARANTINE.
YEAH. AND SO WILL WE.
HOW ABOUT SOMETHING TO LOWER YOUR SPIRITS?
OKAY, LAMBERT. THRILL ME.
BY MY CALCULATIONS, BASED ON TIME GETTING TO AND FROM THE PLANET AND ON THE SPEED WHICH---
GIVE ME THE SHORT VERSION... HOW FAR?
TEN MONTHS IN THE FREEZER.
CHRIST.
BEEP
THIS IS ASH, DALLAS. I THINK YOU CAN SET AN EXTRA PLACE FOR DINNER.

KANE!
WELL, I'LL BE...! HOW DO YOU FEEL?
ROTTEN. LIKE SOMEBODY'S BEEN HITTING ME WITH A STICK.
AND I'M STARVING. NEED SOME FOOD.
YOU GOT IT.
ONE MEAL BEFORE BED. I'M BUYING.
FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO WHEN WE'RE BACK IS GET SOMETHING DECENT TO EAT.
I'VE HAD WORSE THAN THIS...
...BUT I'VE HAD BETTER, TOO, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
RIGHT.
CHRIST, PARKER, YOU'RE POUNDING THAT STUFF DOWN LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW
IT'S KANE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE STARVING.
MAN WORKS HARD, HE GETS HUNGRY, LAMBERT. AND I DON'T THINK ABOUT WHAT THIS STUFF IS MADE OF SO--
KANE! WHAT--?
D-DON'T KNOW...FEELS LIKE...
...CRAMPS! OH, GOD! IT HURTS SO MUCH! IT HURTS!
COME ON, MAN! THIS SHIT ISN'T THAT BAD.
BREATHE DEEPLY, KANE.
TRY TO TELL US EXACTLY WHERE IT--
M-MY...MY...OHMY GOOAAAH!

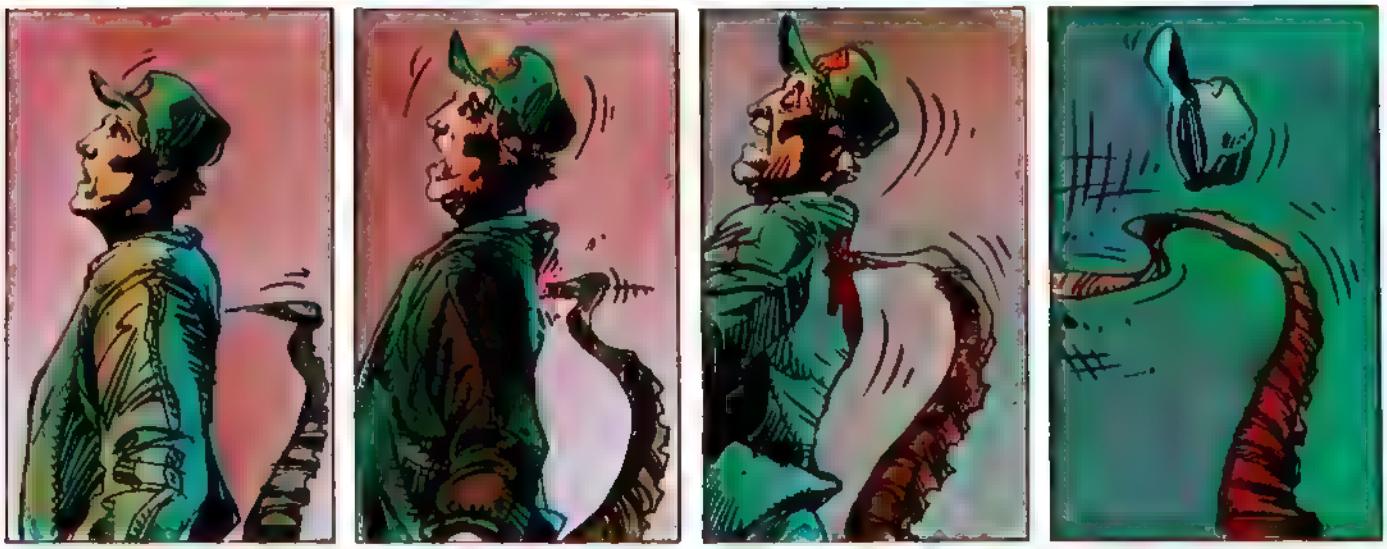
ERUPTION! A SCARLET SHOWER OF FLESH. OF BLOOD.

IT MOVES.
FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW...
...MORE THAN THE MIND CAN ACCEPT.
NO NO NO NO NO NO
PARKER. PARKER.
TAKE BRETT AND SEAL OFF THE IMMEDIATE AREA.
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE LITTLE BASTARD.
AND KILL IT.

WE'VE JETTISONED KANE. NOW I WANT TO TALK, ASH.
I'M A LITTLE BUSY AT THE MOMENT.
I DON'T CARE.
WHY DID YOU LET THE ALIEN SURVIVE INSIDE KANE? YOU WERE MONITORING HIS BODY...
YOU HAD TO KNOW THE THING WAS ALIVE. I FIGURE YOU HAVE A REASON.
DALLAS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. THE ALIEN IS DANGEROUS.
I DON'T WANT IT ALIVE ANY MORE THAN YOU DO.
YOU'RE SURE?
YES. AND YOU SHOULD BE, TOO.
DAMN SEARCH COULD TAKE FOREVER, RIPLEY.
IT BETTER NOT, PARKER. OUR SUPPLIES ARE BASED ON A LIMITED TIME OUT OF HYPER-SLEEP.
STRICTLY LIMITED.
THESE TRACKING UNITS ASH MODIFIED SHOULD MAKE THE JOB EASIER.
NOT MUCH RANGE...BUT IT'LL PICK UP MOVEMENT NEAR US.
THEN WE USE THE PRODS, JOLT THE FUCKER INTO OUR NETS...
...THEN OUT THE AIR LOCK WITH 'IM!
THAT'S THE THEORY.
HOLD IT..
I'M GETTING SOMETHING. DOWN THERE... C LEVEL.
SHIT. NO LIGHTS.
QUIET. IT'S WITHIN FIVE METERS.
THERE. THE WALL LOCKER.

READY...?
YEAH.
NOW!
WE GOT 'IM! WE GOT THAT LITTLE--
OH, CRAP!
WAIT, BRETT! DON'T--
IT'S ONLY JONES. GODDAM CAT.
NO, BRETT!
HELL! LONG AS JONES IS LOOSE...HE'LL KEEP SHOWING UP ON THE TRACKERS!
YOU LOST HIM, BRETT. YOU GO FIND HIM.
WE'LL MOVE ON AHEAD.
YEAH.
RIGHT.
JONES...! HERE, KITTY... HERE, JONES!
JONES! DAN.MIT, CAT! COME BACK HERE!
COME BACK HERE BEFORE I--
WHAT IN HELL...?
SOME KINDA...
...SKIN?

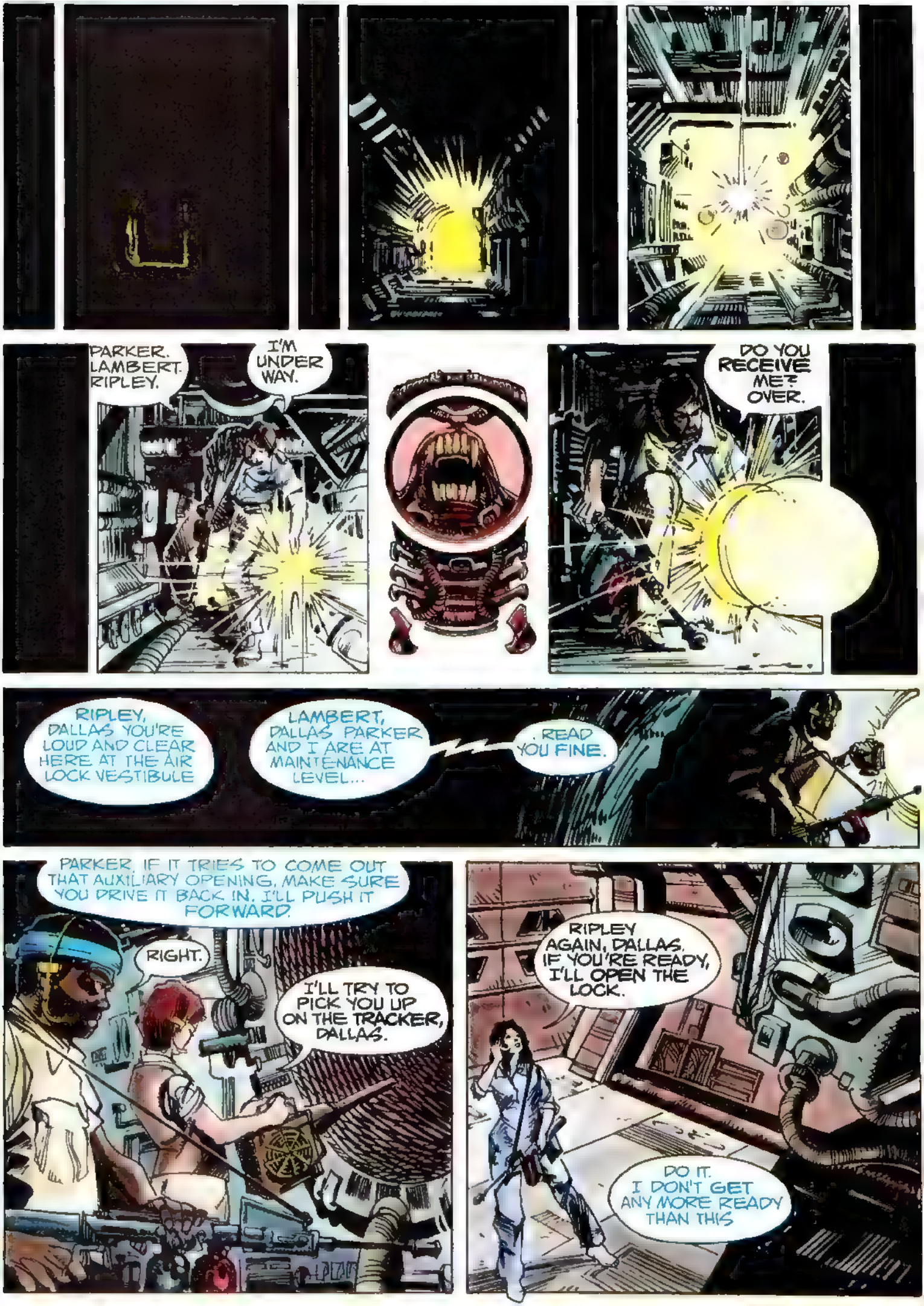
BRETT TRIES DESPERATELY TO SCREAM. THE SOUND IS NOT IN HIM.



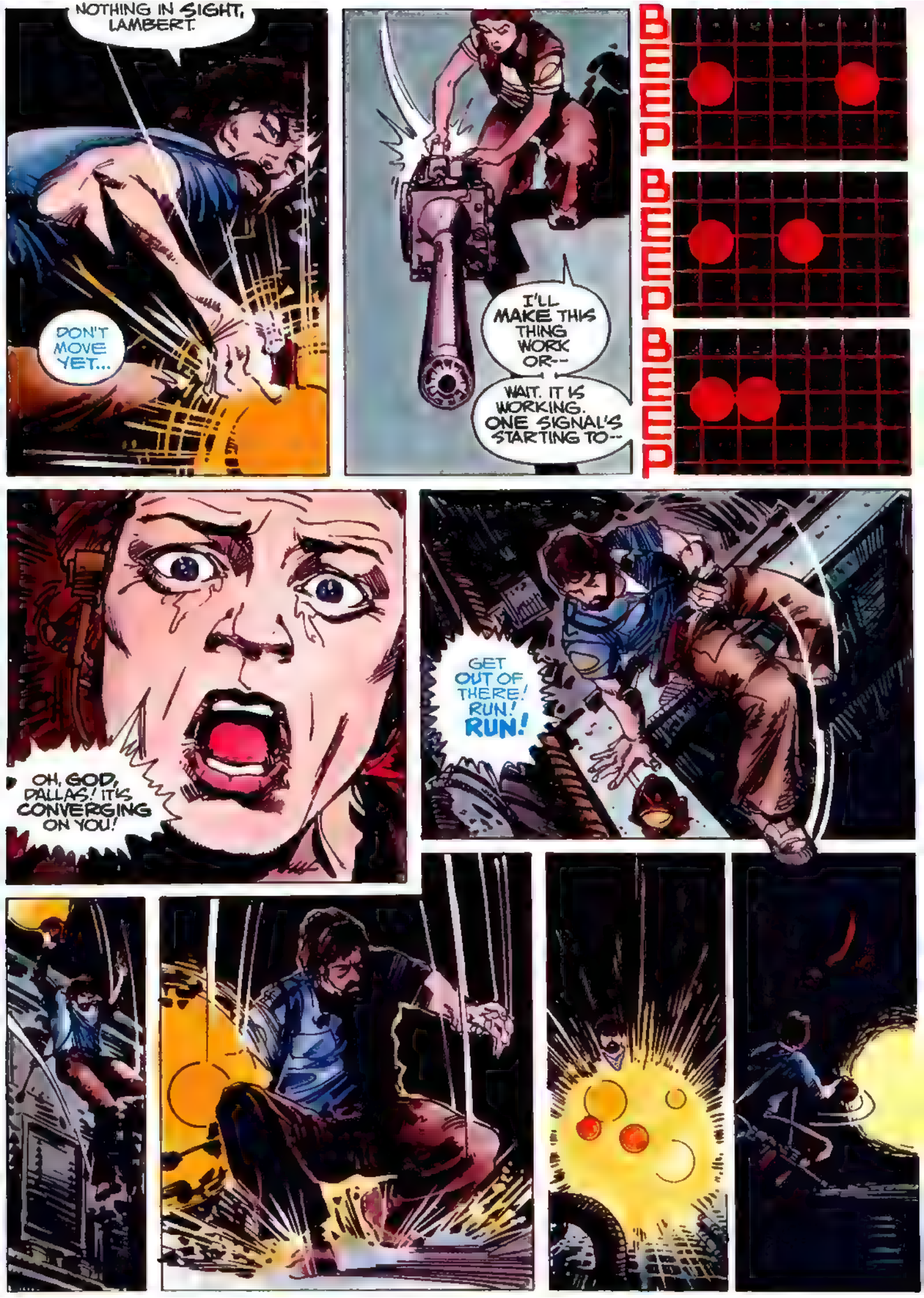
AAAARRG

BRETT FINDS THE SCREAM

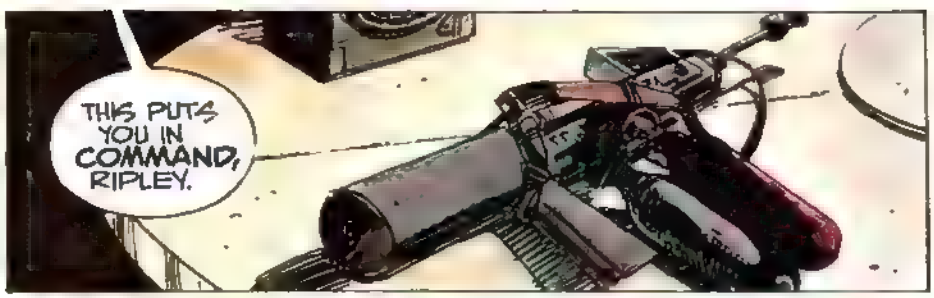
IT'S GROWN, DALLAS.
BIG...! I'M TELLING YOU... THE SONUVA-BITCH IS HUGE!
AND IT DISAPPEARED WITH BRETT... INTO A COOLING DUCT.
YEAH. IT'S USING THE AIR SHAFTS TO MOVE AROUND.
BRETT COULD STILL BE ALIVE.
NOT A CHANCE.
I SAY BLAST THE ROTTEN BASTARD. HELL WITH THE RISKS.
SHOOTING WON'T HELP. IT'S SELF-REGENERATING. AND THE AMOUNT OF ACID IN IT NOW...
DRIVE IT INTO THE LOCK AND BLAST IT INTO SPACE...? WITH WHAT?
NOTHING PHASES IT. RIGHT, MR. SCIENCE DIVISION?
HOW LONG TO FIX UP THREE OR FOUR IN-CINERATING UNITS, PARKER?
GIVE ME A COUPLE OF HOURS, DALLAS.
WE GET THE PICTURE, ASH. BUT THIS DUCT COULD WORK FOR US.
COMES OUT AT THE MAIN AIR LOCK. ONLY ONE OPENING ON THE WAY. IF WE COVER THAT...
IT DOES SEEM TO ADAPT PERFECTLY.
BUT WE HAVEN'T TRIED HEAT. MOST ANIMALS RE-TREAT FROM FIRE.
JUST ONE THING LEFT. WHO CRAWLS IN THE VENT WITH IT?
PARKER...
YOU ALWAYS WANTED A FULL SHARE.
THE TWO OF YOU COVER THAT MAINTENANCE LEVEL EXIT, LAMBERT.
RIPLEY AND ASH CAN TAKE THE AIR LOCK.
OKAY, MOTHER.
I'VE TAKEN A LARGE BITE.
NEED SOME ADVICE ON CHEWING IT.
Request evaluation of proced-
ure to terminate alien.
AVAILABLE DATA INSUFFICIENT.
Request options to procedure
AVAILABLE DATA INSUFFICIENT.
What are my chances?
DOES NOT COMPUTE.


PARKER. LAMBERT. RIPLEY.
I'M UNDER WAY.
DO YOU RECEIVE ME? OVER.
RIPLEY, DALLAS YOU'RE LOUD AND CLEAR HERE AT THE AIR LOCK VESTIBULE
LAMBERT, DALLAS PARKER AND I ARE AT MAINTENANCE LEVEL...
. READ YOU FINE.
PARKER, IF IT TRIES TO COME OUT THAT AUXILIARY OPENING, MAKE SURE YOU DRIVE IT BACK IN. I'LL PUSH IT FORWARD.
RIGHT.
I'LL TRY TO PICK YOU UP ON THE TRACKER, DALLAS.
RIPLEY AGAIN, DALLAS. IF YOU'RE READY, I'LL OPEN THE LOCK.
DO IT. I DON'T GET ANY MORE READY THAN THIS

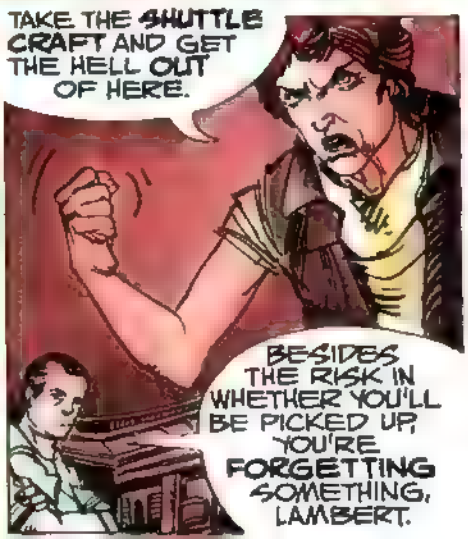
BEGINNING TO GET A READING ON YOU, DALLAS.
GOOD. STAY WITH ME.
I'VE REACHED A CORNER. GOING AROUND IT...
...NOW!
NOTHING. MOV.NG AHEAD
YOU'RE PASSING OUR POSITION, DALLAS.
RIPLEY?
READ YOU CLEAR
DON'T THINK THIS SHAFT GOES MUCH FURTHER.
LAMBERT, WHAT ARE YOU GETTING NOW?
MUST BE INTER-FERENCE, DALLAS.
SEEMS TO BE SOME KIND OF DOUBLE SIGNAL.
YEAH. WELL, ASH IMPROVISED THOSE TRACKERS PRETTY FAST.
I'M AT A REPAIR JUNCTION. SHAFT HAS TWO LEVELS. IS IT CLEARER SINCE I'VE STOPPED?
IT'S CLEAR, ALL RIGHT BUT I'M STILL GETT.NG TWO SIGNALS
NOT SURE WHICH ONE IS WHICH.


NOTHING IN SIGHT, LAMBERT.
DON'T MOVE YET...
I'LL MAKE THIS THING WORK OR--
WAIT. IT IS WORKING. ONE SIGNAL'S STARTING TO--
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
OH, GOD, DALLAS! IT'S CONVERGING ON YOU!
GET OUT OF THERE! RUN! RUN!

THAT'S IT! ALL WE FOUND. NO SIGN OF DALLAS.
NO BLOOD. NOTHING.

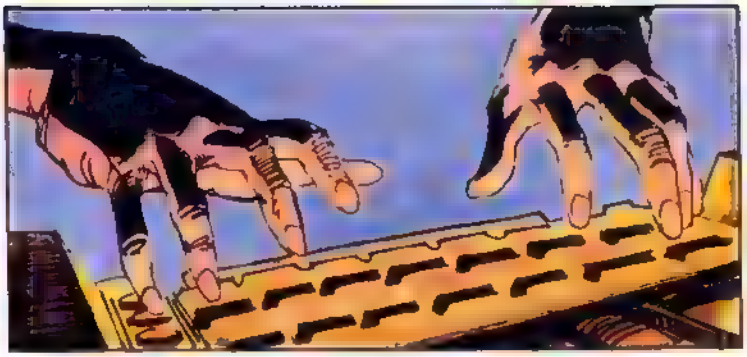

THIS PUTS YOU IN COMMAND, RIPLEY.

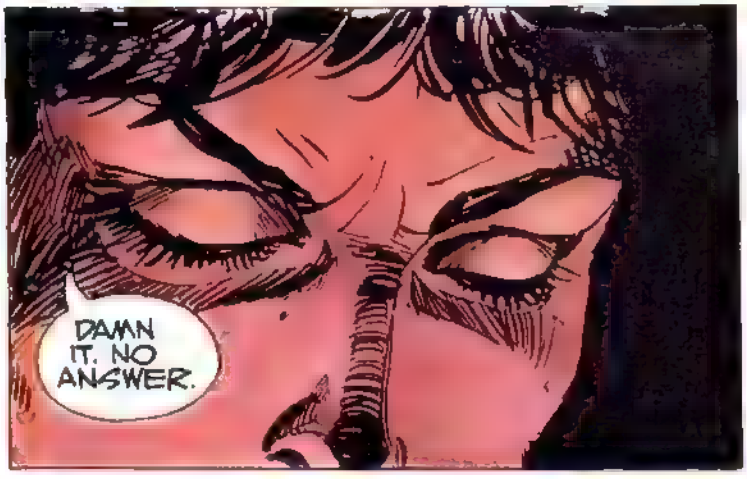
UNLESS SOMEONE HAS A BETTER IDEA ABOUT DEALING WITH THE ALIEN, WE'LL PROCEED WITH DALLAS'S PLAN.
BULLSHIT. ABANDON SHIP.


TAKE THE SHUTTLE CRAFT AND GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.
BESIDES THE RISK IN WHETHER YOU'LL BE PICKED UP, YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, LAMBERT.

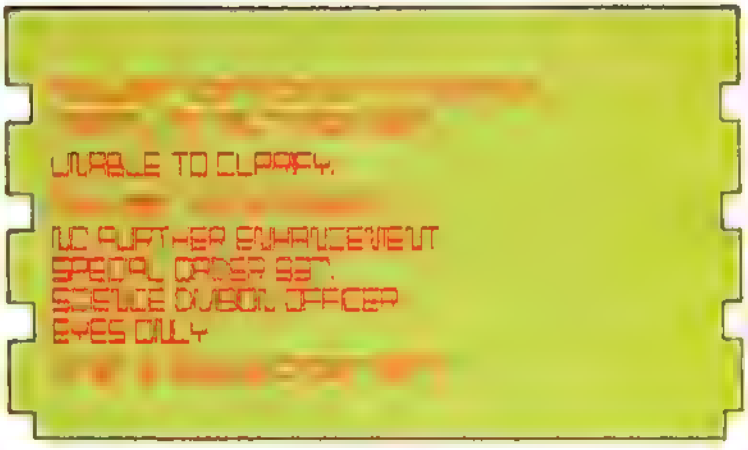
THE NARCISSUS ONLY HOLDS THREE.
THEN DRAW STRAWS, ASH... I DON'T KNOW.
STRAWS? I AIN'T DRAWING NO FUCKIN' STRAWS.
WE'VE GOT TO GIVE IT ANOTHER TRY. WE KNOW IT'S USING THE AIRSHAFTS. WE'LL TAKE IT LEVEL BY LEVEL... LASER-SEAL EVERY BULKHEAD AND VENT BEHIND US UNTIL WE CORNER IT.
FUCK IT. I'LL GO WITH IT.
GOOD, PARKER. WE'LL NEED FUEL FOR DALLAS'S WEAPON. ASH WILL HELP YOU.
I CAN MANAGE IT.
ANY WISDOM FROM YOU OR MOTHER, ASH? SO FAR YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY USELESS.
I'M STILL COLLATING DATA, RIPLEY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DO?
NOTHING... I'M IN COMMAND. I'VE GOT ACCESS TO MOTHER. I'LL GET MY OWN ANSWERS.
AYE, AYE... CAPTAIN.
LAMBERT, I PROMISE YOU, IF THIS DOESN'T WORK...
...I'M GETTING ALL OF US OUT OF HERE.
DID YOU EVER SLEEP WITH ASH?
NO. DID YOU?
NO. I NEVER GOT THE IMPRESSION HE WAS INTERESTED.
NEITHER DID I.

NOW, MOTHER. YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE HELPED DALLAS MUCH.
MAYBE HE ASKED THE WRONG QUESTIONS.

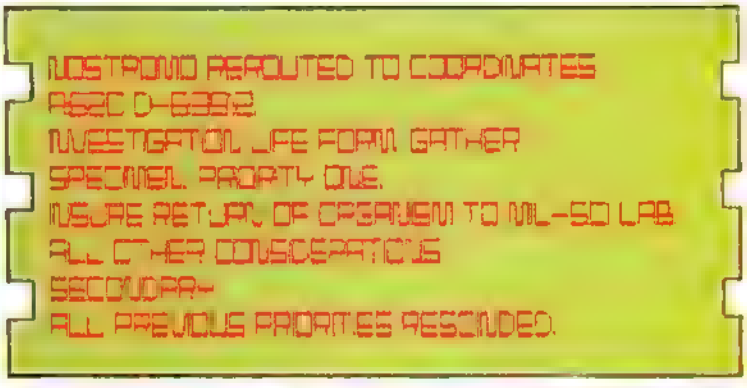



DAMN IT. NO ANSWER.

I'M GOING TO KEEP PUNCHING CODE COMBINATIONS...
...UNTIL YOU HAVE ONE.
FINALLY ...A SCREEN COMES TO LIFE.


UNABLE TO CLARIFY.
NO FURTHER ENHANCEMENT
SPECIAL ORDER 937.
SCIENCE DIVISION OFFICER
EYES ONLY

DON'T HOLD OUT ON ME, MOTHER! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY COMMAND OVERRIDE. 10073.
WHAT IS SPECIAL ORDER 937?


NOSTROMO REROUTED TO COORDINATES
REC D-6332
INVESTIGATION LIFE FORM GATHER
SPECIMEN. PRIORITY ONE.
INSURE RETURN OF ORGANISM TO ML-50 LAB
ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS
SECONDARY
ALL PREVIOUS PRIORITIES RESCINDED.

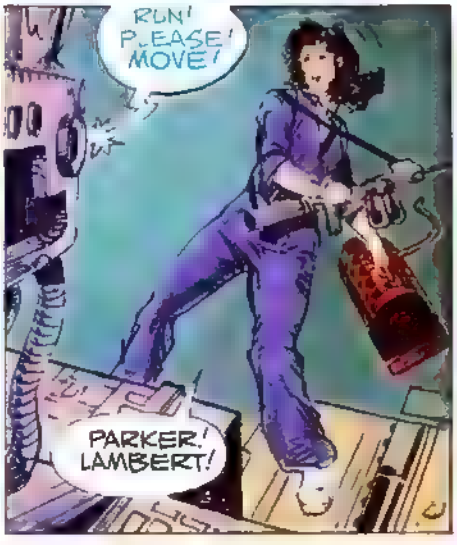
INSTINCT TELLS RIPLEY TO MOVE, TO GET OUT. HER REACTIONS ARE SWIFT. IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE THAT ASH SHOULD BE EVEN SWIFTER.
WAK
PARKER! LAMBERT!
WAP

ASH! WHAT IN HELL--?!
STOP HIM, PARKER! HE'S CHOKING HER TO DEATH!
CHRIST...! CAN'T... BUDGE 'IM...!
LAMBERT..
ASH ..! NO...! NO! HAVE YOU GONE--
--LOOK OUT!
A ROBOT!
A GODDAM ANDROID!

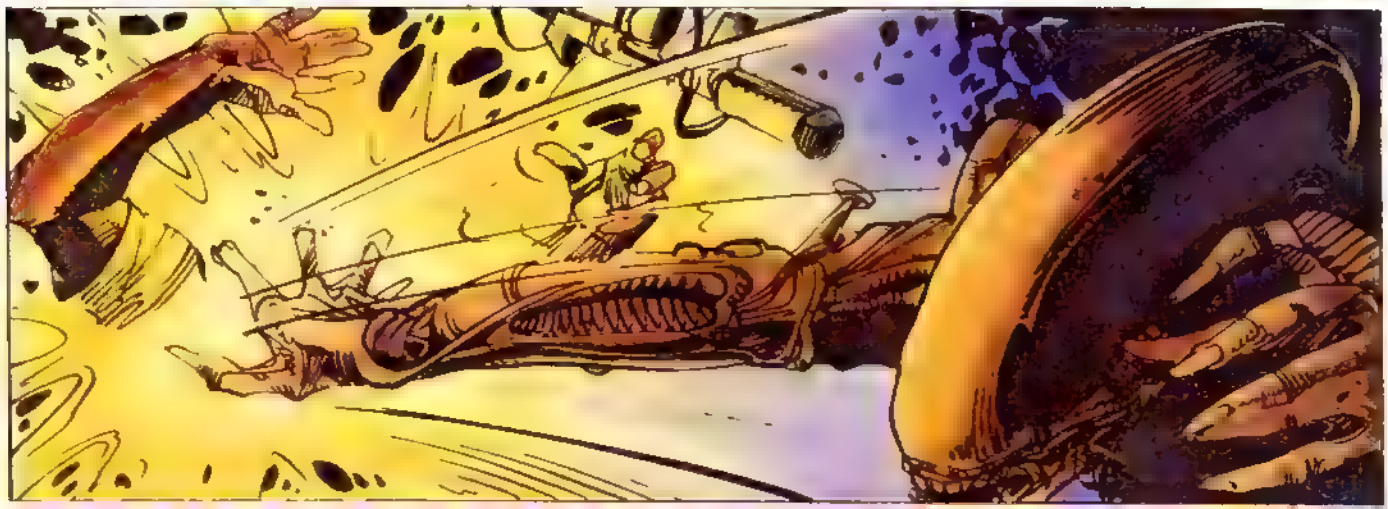
BLIND... IT STILL FOLLOWS SOUND...
OH, SHIT!
G-GET... FUCKING THING... OFF ME... BEFORE IT...
ASH HAS BEEN PROTECTING THE ALIEN UNDER ORDERS FROM MIL/SCI
PROBABLY WANTED IT FOR BIO-WEAPONS RESEARCH
SOME COMPANY WE WORK FOR!
ASH, CAN YOU HEAR ME?
I HEAR
WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, ASH. HOW CAN WE KILL THE ALIEN?
YOU CAN'T. IT'S A PERFECT ORGANISM. AND THAT STRUCTURAL PERFECTION...
...IS MATCHED ONLY BY ITS HOSTILITY.

YOU... ADMIRE IT.
I ADMIRE ITS PURITY. AN ORGANISM UNCLOUDED BY REMORSE, CONSCIENCE, OR MORALITY.
BUT PERHAPS THAT'S ONLY AN ANDROID'S POINT OF VIEW. AT ANY RATE, YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY.
ALL RIGHT. WE'RE BLOWING UP THE SHIP. WE'LL LEAVE IN THE SHUTTLE AND BLOW THAT THING ALL OVER SPACE.
SHOVE YOUR FUCKIN' SYMPATHY!
YOU TWO ROUND UP COOLANT FOR THE SHUTTLE'S LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM. I'LL SET EVERYTHING ELSE IN MOTION AND MEET YOU AT THE NARCISSUS.
C'MON, LAMBERT.
THE BRIDGE. RIPLEY THROWS A SERIES OF SWITCHES. A TEN MINUTE COUNT-DOWN BEGINS.
JONES, YOU'RE IN LUCK. COME GET IN YOUR BOX.
HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK WE'LL NEED, PARKER?
ALL YOU CAN CARRY.
UH-OH! MOVE IT, LAMBERT! DON'T KNOW HOW LONG THIS TRACKER'S BEEN--
LAMBERT? YOU HEAR ME...? I SAID--

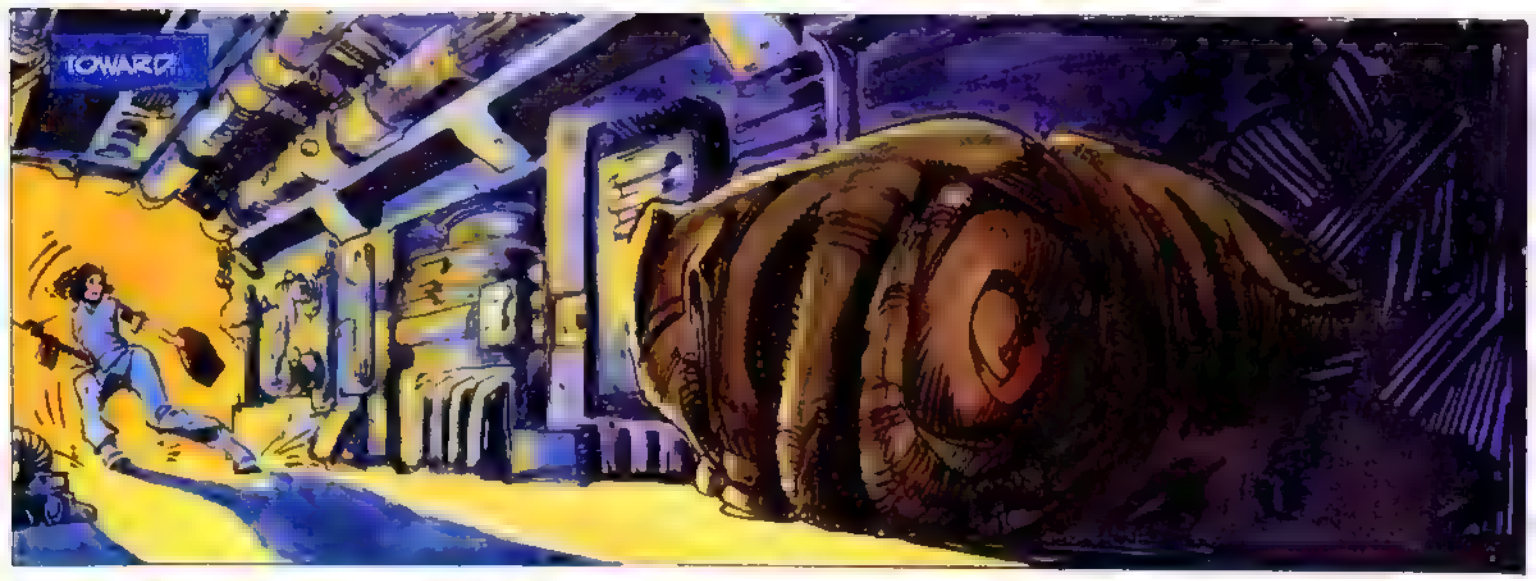
GET OUT OF THE WAY, LAMBERT! MOVE!
YOU'RE TOO CLOSE TO IT FOR ME TO FIRE!

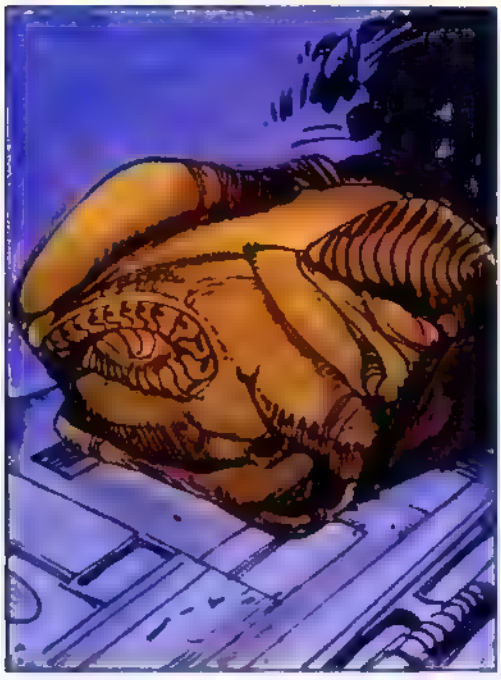

RUN! PLEASE! MOVE!
PARKER! LAMBERT!

GODDAM YOU GODDAM YOU GODDA--



LAMBERT! PARKER! HANG ON, I'M--
NOW THERE IS NOTHING LEFT. NOTHING BUT FLIGHT. DESPERATE. HEADLONG. TOWARD THE NARCISSUS...

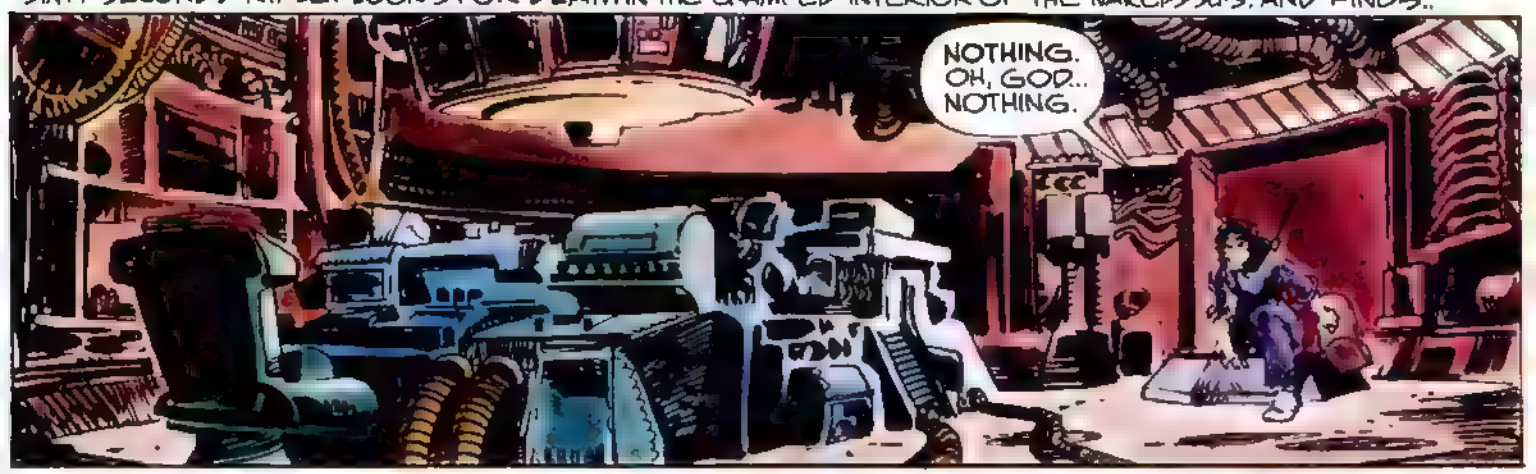


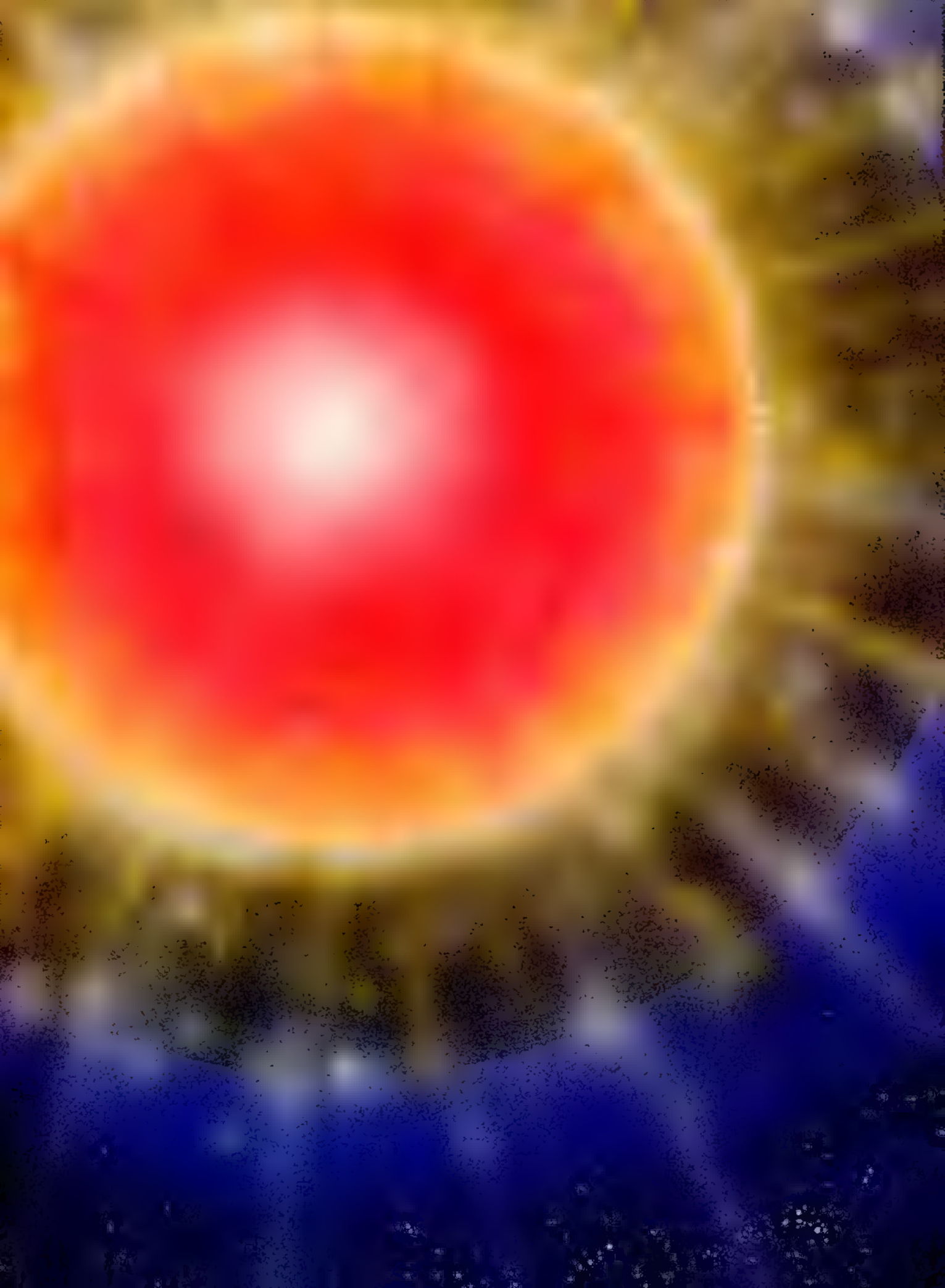


BACK INTO THE **NOSTROMO**, NOT DARING TO LOOK...AT WHAT MIGHT **FOLLOW.**

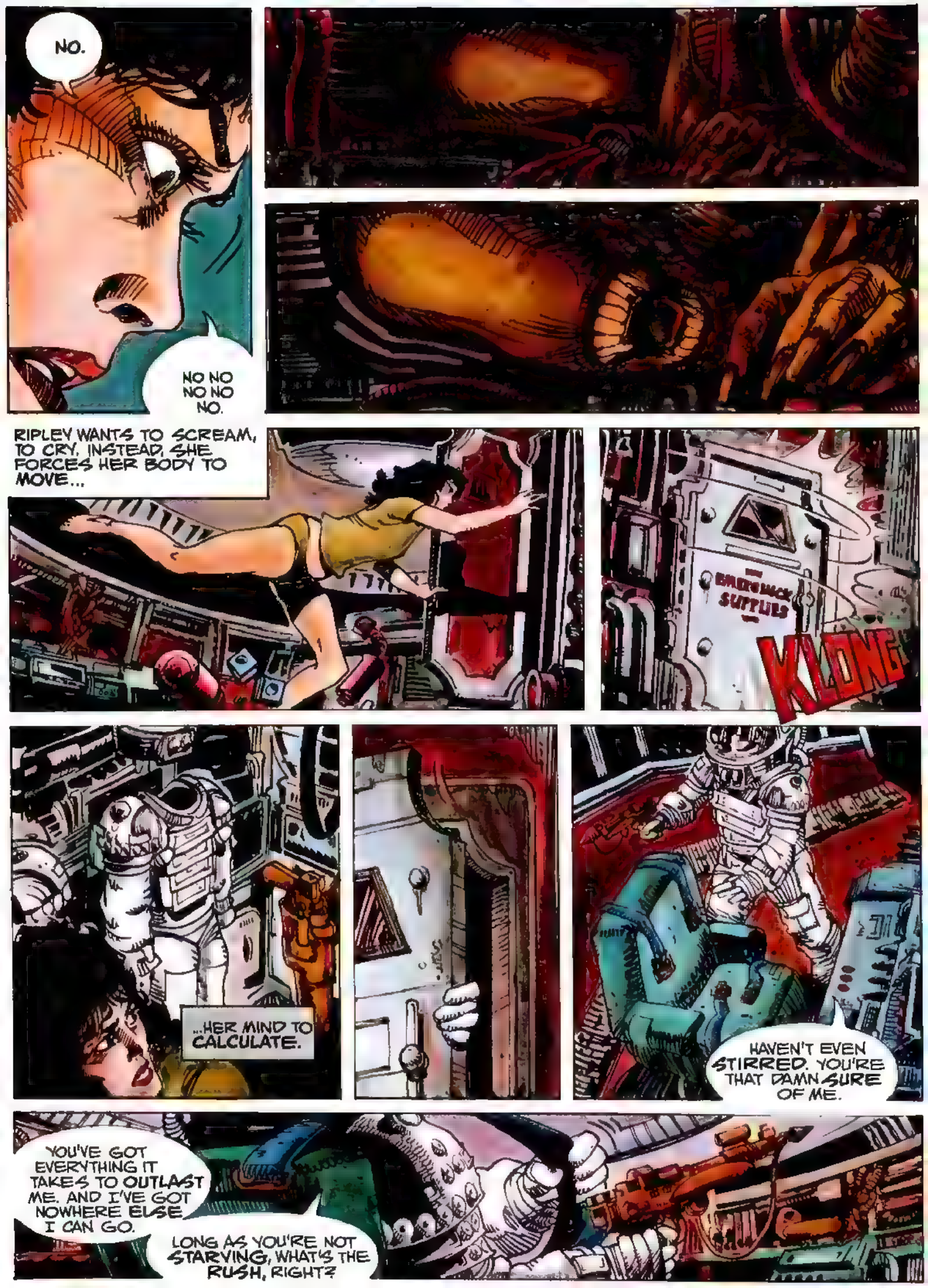
ATTENTION. THE LIGHT-PLUS ENGINES WILL OVERLOAD IN TWO MINUTES, FIFTY SECONDS.
MOTHER, I'VE REVERSED THE SERIES. STOP THE COUNTDOWN
IT IS TOO LATE FOR REMEDIAL ACTION.
THE LIGHT-PLUS ENGINES WILL OVERLOAD IN TWO MINUTES, TEN SECONDS.
MOTHER...!
ATTENTION. THE LIGHT-PLUS ENGINES WILL OVERLOAD IN EXACTLY TWO MINUTES.
ATTENTION. THE LIGHT-PLUS ENGINES WILL--
GOD DAMN YOU, MOTHER!
NOW BACK AGAIN. MOTHER'S MADDENING COUNTDOWN CONTINUING IN HER HEAD.
ONE MINUTE, FORTY SECONDS LESS.
NINETY SECONDS. THE ACCESS CORRIDOR.
OH, CHRIST. NOW. GOT TO BE--
GONE! EITHER IT CAME BACK INTO THE NOSTROMO AFTER ME, OR...

SIXTY SECONDS RIPLEY LOOKS FOR DEATH IN THE CRAMPED INTERIOR OF THE NARCISSUS, AND FINDS..





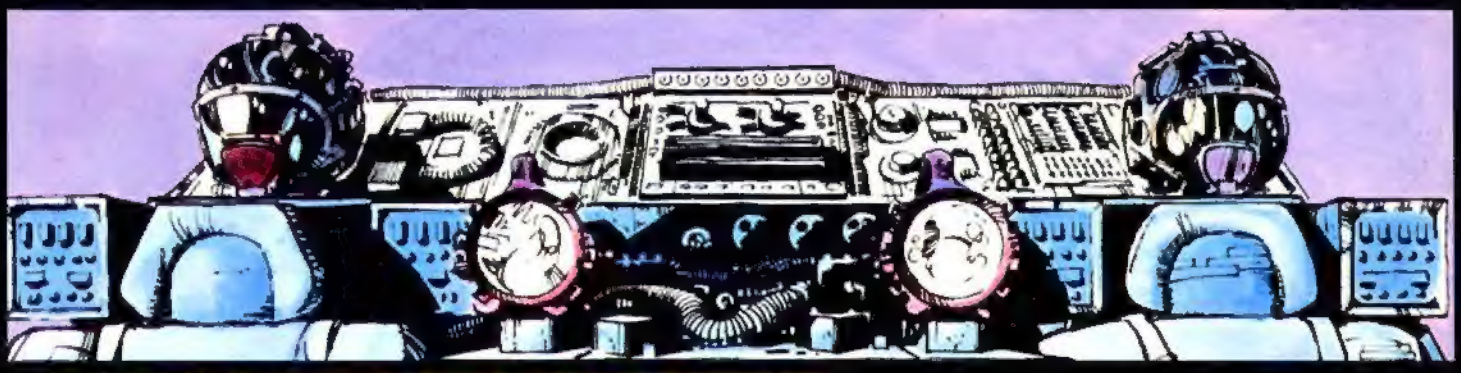
THE LIGHT OF TWO HUNDRED MILLION TONS OF FUEL FADES. THE SHOCK WAVES EBB. AND THE LIFEBOAT NARCISSUS SLOWLY DRIFTS.
GUESS WHAT, JONES...?
..WE MADE IT.
NOW WE GET OUR BIG REWARD.
...A LONG, COLD SLEEP. WE SHOULD REACH THE FRONTIER IN ABOUT SIX WEEKS. WITH A LITTLE LUCK...
...THE NETWORK SHOULD PICK US UP.
IN YOU GO, KITTY. I'LL BE GETTING INTO MINE...
...JUST AS SOON AS I FINISH SOME LAST MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS.
FUNNY, JONES, YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK I'LL MISS MOST?
THE SMELL OF KANE'S COFFEE WHEN I FIRST WAKE UP THAT--

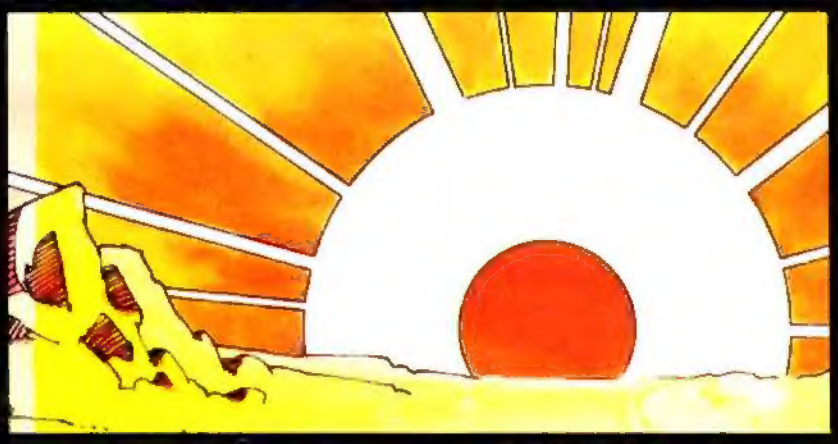

NO.
NO NO NO NO.
RIPLEY WANTS TO SCREAM, TO CRY. INSTEAD, SHE FORCES HER BODY TO MOVE...
BACKWACK SUPPLIES
KLONG
...HER MIND TO CALCULATE.
HAVEN'T EVEN STIRRED. YOU'RE THAT DAMN SURE OF ME.
YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES TO OUTLAST ME. AND I'VE GOT NOWHERE ELSE I CAN GO.
LONG AS YOU'RE NOT STARVING, WHAT'S THE RUSH, RIGHT?

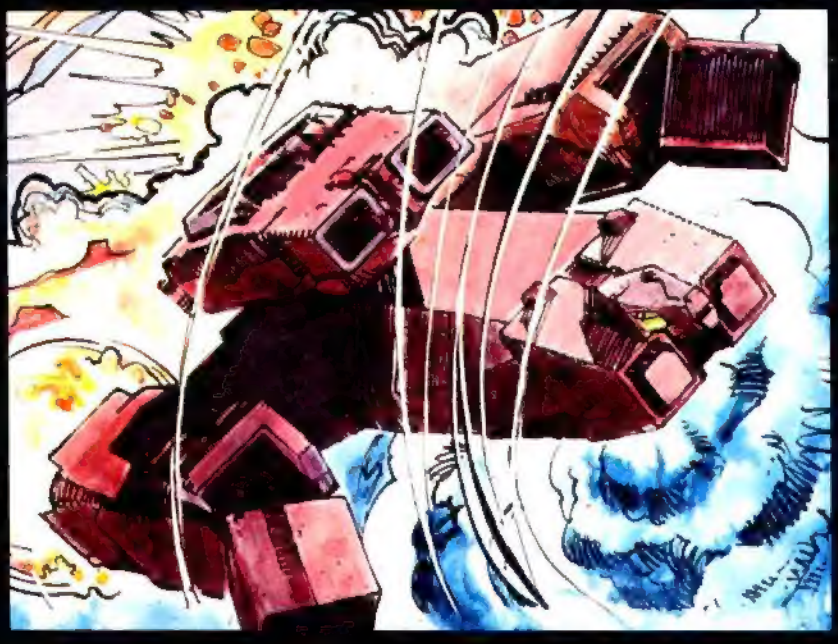
WELL, I'M NOT WAITING, DAMN YOU!
GOOD-BYE, YOU--
--BASTARD!

NO!
CHUNG
IT DOES WHAT IT DOES BEST. IT SURVIVES. AND SURVIVING... IT WORKS ITS WAY BACK.
TO THE SHIP. TO THE PREY.
GUESS AGAIN, YOU SON OF A BITCH.

REPRESSURIZING THE CABIN, RIPLEY, LAST SURVIVOR OF THE NOSTROMO, MOVES TO HER SLEEP VAULT.







Vacant.
Two space helmets resting on chairs.
Electrical hum.
Lights on the helmets begin to signal one another.
Moments of silence.
A yellow light goes on.
Electronic hum.
A green light goes on in front of one helmet.
Electronic pulsing sounds.
A red light goes on in front of the other helmet.
An electronic conversation ensues.
Reaches a crescendo.
Then silence.

And when the silence is broken... the crew of the Nostromo must grapple with a terrifying life force they cannot leash, nor even comprehend—the Alien!

ALIEN

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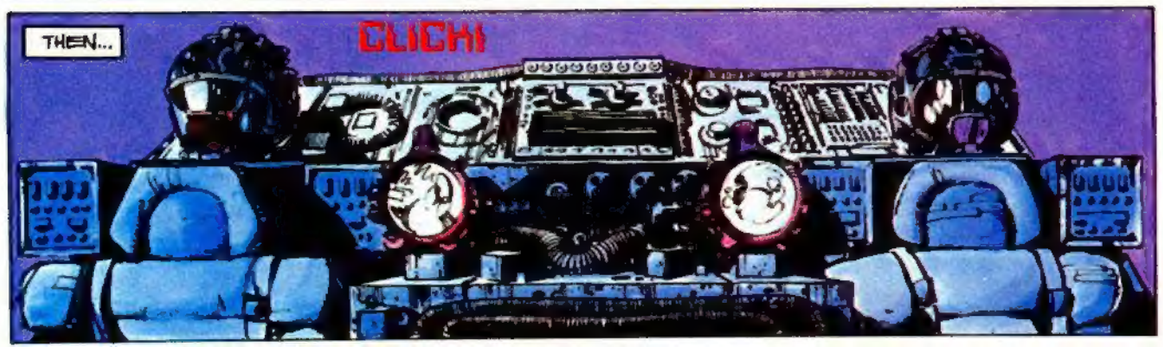
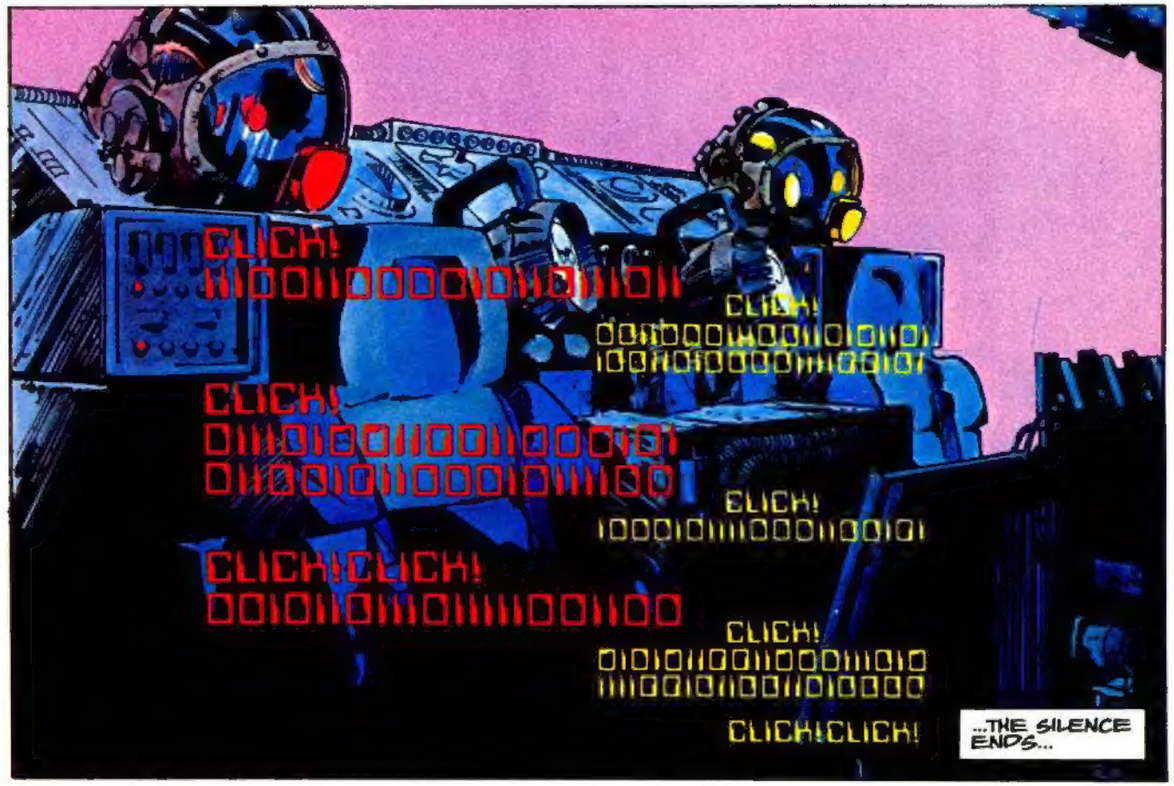
"WE LIVE AS WE DREAM--ALONE."
JOSEPH CONRAD

ALIEN





A-ASH...! ARE YOU GETTING THIS BACK AT THE SHIP...? IS IT...

SOME KIND OF SPACECRAFT. NEVER SEEN ONE LIKE IT. NEITHER HAS MOTHER.

DALLAS, HOW COULD YOU LEAVE A DECISION ABOUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE CREATURE TO ASH?

COMPANY ORDERS, RIPLEY. I RUN THE SHIP. ANYTHING TO DO WITH SCIENCE DIVISION... HE HAS FINAL SAY.

THAT NEVER USED TO BE STANDARD PROCEDURE. YOU SHIP OUT WITH ASH BEFORE?

NO. FIRST TIME.

HE WAS A LAST MINUTE REPLACEMENT. BUT SO WHAT?... SO WERE YOU.

I DON'T TRUST HIM.

I DON'T TRUST ANYONE, RIPLEY. I JUST HAUL CARGO. WHAT'S WITH THE REPAIRS?

STILL THINGS TO DO. WE'RE BLIND ON B AND C DECKS... RESERVE POWER SYSTEMS BLOWN...

THAT'S CRAP. WE CAN TAKE OFF WITHOUT 'EM.

I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE.

LET'S GET THIS TURKEY OFF THE GROUND.

GODDAM DUST AGAIN, PARKER! NUMBER TWO INTAKE'S GONNA OVERHEAT!

JUST KEEP SPITTIN' ON IT, BRETT... 'TIL WE MAKE LINK-UP!